

STAND-UP FIGHTERS

by **RICHARD O. BOYER**

NEW MASSES

November 27, 1945

15¢

In Canada 20¢

DUEL FOR INDONESIA

Background to the independence struggle, by GERALD PEEL

SCIENCE DEMANDS A PLAN *by* **LEWIS ALAN BERNE**

AN ASTRONOMER LOOKS AT THE ATOM *by* **HARLOW SHAPLEY**

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THERE is a kind of myopia that goes with living a daily life in a town or city. One rushes past familiar entrances, familiar shops, familiar hydrants and the surroundings impinge so lightly on the senses that one is aware of only the exceptional, only the startling. Travellers abroad soon find that they are discovering not only the culture, the quaint habits and strange foods of other nations, but their own as well. That the things they saw every day but never looked at or thought about suddenly became meaningful in new and sometimes upsetting ways.

Remembering these things, and yearning besides to loose the shackles that bind us to our particular two square miles of Manhattan, we set out last Saturday on an expedition to New Haven to see what we could see.

Chiefly, aside from a brisk climb up the steep sides of West Rock, and minor business which was our excuse for going, we saw Yale and we thought of New York and Wall Street and other things farther away.

We walked up the long aisle to the main desk of the \$13,000,000 worth of stone that houses the great Yale library and thought of our bookish days when the stiff, rich pages of an Elizabethan folio gave us a dear delight. In the pseudo-medieval gloom of mullioned windows we looked at the exhibits carefully laid out with glass weights and hand printed labels. "Jewish Book Month," read the large placard over the showcase. One small concession to the times we live in. It was so little and so quiet a thing in the great mass of flamboyant Gothic which encases the living university that we felt acutely how great are the tasks that still lie ahead in the USA. And we found ourselves thinking of what one could do with such a wonderful machine in a socialist USA. I had of the few quiet students making their way from this reading room to that, a stream of people would be queuing up before the delivery desk. The elaborate gadgets which deliver books from the stacks in record time would be very busy. They would take a lot of repairs and replacements. So would the books. But what is a little dog-earing in return for the translation of all this stored wealth into something living and active? And besides, new books would no longer have to wait until some publisher could figure out whether an edition could be sold at a profit.

The princely boys in their careless tweeds would become sweeter, commoner, and there would be many dark and eager faces instead of the one or two that now filter through the screens of various discrimination. The luxurious three-room suites of Harkness would be crowded. No longer would students enjoy the luxuries

of one of the richest clubs in the world while their instructors tried to make ends meet on a mere two thousand a year. And a visitor like myself would no longer feel the terrible resemblance between the wedding-cake towers of the gymnasium and the law school and the inhuman canyons of Wall Street. Best of all, that body of censors called the Yale Corporation which is the legal university and whose shadow looms before any rash professor who might like to speak the truth about trade unions, the USSR, the plight of the colonial peoples, the Communists, would have vanished and the affairs of the university would be the affairs of the university under duly elected bodies of the faculties themselves.

Thinking a few things like this and many more we made our way out of Sterling, around the corner and into the dingy area one block north where people live who would never think of crossing the awesome threshold we left behind. And as we started ringing doorbells with a friend with a bundle of *Daily Workers* under her arm we felt the life and direct-

ness that resides in the crowded areas where most of the people live. And the honest, strong faces in the doorways made us feel that the lifting of the barriers to learning was not so uncomfortably far away as it had seemed an hour ago.

V. S.

OUR mailbox was filled to overflowing this past week as hundreds of letters poured in from all parts of the country in response to the questionnaire which we sent a large sampling of our readers, querying them on their tastes and desires *re* NM. We are gratified at the reaction. We shall, after summarizing the answers, publish the results as part of NM's program to give you a magazine at maximum. The questionnaire probed our readers' wishes and needs—do they want more specifically "cultural" material, or less? more on science, medicine, literature, the arts, or less? more political articles dealing with current topics, or less? And so on. We want to thank our readers for their prompt replies; they are an index to the fact that this is their magazine, and they want their say in the considerations of its perspectives. Next year, 1946, is shaping up as one of the crucial years of mankind's history, and we are gearing to streamline our magazine to utmost effectiveness to meet its obligations.

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DUEL FOR INDONESIA

By GERALD PEEL

Gerald Peel, the author of the following background article, is a graduate of Cambridge University, England. Before the war he taught in England, Germany and Sweden and later served as headmaster of one of the leading European schools in India.

General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo has attempted to slander the Indonesian independence movement by claiming that its leaders and program are products of Japan's fascist school of propaganda. The Dutch government has, naturally, been quick to follow the lead so providentially provided by the General.

Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth, as both MacArthur and the Dutch officials very well know. Actually Indonesian resistance to the Dutch invaders dates back as far as 1602, the year the Dutch East India Company started operations; the resistance has never been completely quelled. As will be seen from the accompanying article, the modern nationalist movement took organized form around 1908-10, developed rapidly and in a militant direction immediately after the First World War, and produced a large-scale organized revolt against Dutch oppression in 1926-27. In spite of the brutality of the government's counter-offensive the sentiment for freedom deepened and spread up to the Japanese invasion in 1942.

Since 1942 the Indonesian Liberation Movement has matured and expanded. Whereas before the war there were perhaps a few tens of thousands of Indonesians actively engaged in the Nationalist struggle, the movement today must be counted in the hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions. It is no longer a movement which depends wholly upon the quality of its leadership. It is based upon a mass demand for the opportunity to better Indonesia's life, an opportunity which history has proved cannot be obtained under Dutch colonial rule.

To the Indonesian patriot it must be difficult to distinguish between the Japanese overlords and the Dutch, who

by means of British-officered colonial troops and American guns and tanks are now attempting to reinvade his homeland. Both constitute the consolidation of imperialism by terrorism—which in any genuine democrat's language is nothing less than fascism.

As we go to press, both the imperialist invaders and the Indonesians are seeking a breathing spell during which to consolidate their strength. The friends of Indonesian liberty abroad can best take advantage of the present situation by insisting that the invading forces and the American materials of war which they employ be withdrawn. Only when that has been done can negotiations for Indonesian self-government be undertaken in an atmosphere promising success.—The Editors.

THE name "Indonesia" was originally coined by a German ethnologist named Bastian. By Indonesia he meant all the islands of the region including Formosa, British Malaya, the Philippines, and Madagascar. By use this name has become more and more restricted to the Dutch East Indies. It is in this sense I shall use it.

Ninety-four percent of Indonesia's population is rural. Indonesians are wedded to the soil of their islands. They are a peasant people. A common history, a common fate, and a common struggle against Dutch imperialism draws them together. The Malayan lingua franca gives them a common language.

There is no difficult religious problem in Indonesia. Nearly nine-tenths of the population—according to the 1930 census, 60,000,000—are Mohammedan. Pagans come next with 3,000,000, Christians 2,000,000, and Hindus (confined to Bali), 1,250,000. Some whole areas are Christian—for instance, the narrow strip at the north of the Celebes—and generally speaking of one denomination.

An idea of the tremendous wealth given the world by Indonesia is contained in the following figures. Indonesia provides the world with the fol-

lowing portions of its needs, rubber forty percent, tea nineteen percent, cinchona ninety-one percent, cocos products twenty-nine percent, tin twenty percent, kapok seventy-seven percent, tow fibres thirty-three percent, pepper ninety-two percent, sugar five percent, bauxite eighty percent, oil two and a half percent. Minerals in which she abounds include oil, bauxite, iron ores, coal, tin and, to a smaller degree, gold and silver. In 1940 Indonesia produced 7,934,000 tons of crude oil, putting her in fifth place among the oil producing countries of the world. She is the second largest producer of tin in the world, which is mined mainly on the islands of Banka and Billiton off the coast of Sumatra and largely by Chinese labor. Mineral exports make up twenty-nine percent of the total value of Indonesia's exports, the rest being agricultural products such as rubber, tea, sugar, cocos products, etc. Exports of manufactured goods are nil.

It goes without saying that the oil wells, the tin mines, and other mineral wealth of the islands do not belong to the natives of Indonesia but to the Dutch and other foreign imperialist combines. What about the agricultural exports? Sixty-nine point three percent are produced on estates (which are practically exclusively owned by Dutch and other foreigners), only 39.7 percent on native farms. In 1938, 99.4 percent of sugar exported was plantation grown, and 81.9 percent of tea. Kapok, copra and pepper were mostly grown on native farms while in the case of gambier and rubber the proportion is about fifty-fifty. But even in regard to the 39.7 percent of agricultural exports that are grown on native farms it must be realized that the big foreign trading concerns and shipping magnates who have the monopoly, can dictate prices to the farmers, and get the main rake-off.

THE only real effect Indonesia's part in providing the world with a large portion of its needs has on the Indonesians, is an extra burden on the farmers to provide food for the coolies who work the estates and get the minerals

from the earth. While peasants in Java are advanced in their knowledge of farming methods, those of the Outer Provinces practice a relatively simple agriculture in the vicinity of the large plantations owned by foreigners where commercial crops are produced. In Sumatra eighty-nine percent of the land is controlled by the plantations. The country which gets the main share of the colossal wealth exported is of course Holland, but other western imperialist powers also import large quantities of raw materials from the Indies.

Some idea of how little Indonesians share in the great wealth of their country is shown by the following figures. Though Europeans are less than 0.5 percent of the population, they receive sixty-five percent of the income which is individually subject to income tax; non-indigenous Asiatics, two percent of the population, receive one-fifth; and natives, 97.5 percent of the population, receive only one-eighth of this income.

The Dutch imperialist policy has been to keep Indonesia in place as a producer of raw materials and source of cheap native labor only, with the natives not sharing in the wealth of the land. That is why Holland has stifled the growth of native industry. Only since the 1930's has there been development of industry in Indonesia—first railways and roads of course, since 1930 some development in metallurgical industry, also light industries such as native cigarette factories, etc. By 1936 there were still only 1,500,000 Indonesians, out of a population of 70,000,000, working in any kind of industrial work, and of these only about 120,000 were working in large European factories.

This has meant that Indonesia with ten times Australia's population imported very little more than Australia.

The Dutch policy is the same as that of imperialists the world over: from them that have to give let it be taken. And, therefore, there is a tremendous surplus of exports over imports. To accentuate this economic unbalance, is a population problem, especially acute in the rich island of Java. The population of the whole Archipelago according to the 1930 census, was 60,727,000. By 1940 the estimate was 70,000,000 and by 1942, 72,000,000. The special population problem, however, was confined to Java. Java is one of the most highly-populated countries in the world, coming second only to Belgium. But while Belgium is a highly industrialized country and therefore able partly to absorb her surplus population for other useful work, the growth of

industry in Indonesia has been stifled as is usual in a colonial country with no say in her own affairs. When it is remembered that in Java only six percent of the population lives in cities, the land hunger that exists can be imagined. In Java with its 50,000,000 or so inhabitants there are only six cities with a population of more than 100,000, of which Batavia is the largest with 437,433. Palembang in Sumatra is the only town in the Outer Provinces with more than 100,000.

THE land under cultivation in Java cannot be increased, as deforestation has already exceeded the danger limit, and further cultivation of virgin country would endanger the water supply. The result of this land-shortage has been smaller holdings, which are uneconomical, and a bare subsistence for the Javanese farmer. In Java (1930) it was estimated that eighty-one percent of the natives were getting incomes below 300 florins (about \$225 a year). Since then the situation has greatly deteriorated. Where tenancy predominates, as in Central Java and around Batavia, exceptional population pressure has meant that rents rise as high as one-half of the harvest.

"... It is clear," says an Australian Army educational course on Indonesia written for the guidance of Australian soldiers in the Pacific, "that because of the rapid growth of the native population, the natives on the whole have not shared in the commercial progress of the colony."

Nor will they, until the control and economy of their country is in their own hands. Dutch schemes of emigration to Sumatra from Java and so on, do not get to the root of the problem. The solution is development of a native industry which can absorb the surplus agricultural population, stop the drain of wealth from the country for which nothing comes in, and raise the general standards of living of the people, in a free, democratic and prosperous Indonesia.

Present problems will be solved only when Indonesia wins the independence which is her democratic right. Then there will no longer be a tremendous surplus of exports over imports, and the wealth of the country will be the same as the wealth of her people and there will be healthy balanced trade developed with other nations.

WHAT is the picture of Indonesia today after 350 years of Dutch rule? That is to say what was the pic-

ture before the Japs took over. Let us first examine progress to democracy. Indonesia is governed by a governor-general appointed by the Crown. The governor-general has an advisory council of not less than four or more than six members, all appointed. In 1942 this council consisted of two Dutch members and two appointed Indonesians, besides the governor-general and vice-president. The governor-general is also commander-in-chief of all the armed forces. The governor-general has almost autocratic powers, though in some executive decisions he needs consent of the council.

Rule is through the governor-general, governors, Dutch residents, native princes and chiefs. The system consists of direct rule through Dutch officials, and indirect rule through native hereditary princes, side by side. Some of the native princes are very rich. But generally Indonesian native princes have not got the power or the wealth of their distant cousins, the Indian princes. Chiefs are just petty hereditary officials in the pay of the Dutch government.

Besides, the governor-general and council, the governors, residents, princes, chiefs and other officials, there is a so-called Parliament—Volksraad. This body consists of sixty members made up as follows:—thirty Indonesians, twenty-five Dutch and five non-indigenous Asiatics. Of these ten Indonesians, ten Dutch and two non-native Orientals are appointed. The remaining thirty-eight are elected on a very limited franchise, and by an indirect system of election.

The Volksraad meets twice a year, once to discuss the budget, and once besides. It has no power to pass laws. Between sittings there is a committee that acts for it.

What have the Dutch achieved in 350 years in just one important branch of social service—education? In 1937, one in eleven children were attending school. Most of the pupils included in official figures get an education of only a very nominal kind, in primitive schools with unskilled teachers and no facilities. The construction and upkeep of these village schools is paid for by the villagers themselves. Then there are more advanced schools for those who can afford it, up to secondary school standard of the Dutch schools. All such secondary education is carried on in the foreign Dutch tongue. Total pupils recorded in all schools in 1942 were 2,502,694 of whom 53,000 were Europeans. Compulsory education is not known in any part of the islands. According to one



"Take your time, gentlemen."

authority ninety-nine percent of the population of Indonesia is illiterate. The boasted efficiency, therefore, of the Dutch colonists is not efficiency in the interest of the people.

The Dutch have been forced to practice to an extent the "Open Door" policy in Indonesia. For instance, capital in estates, while mainly in Dutch hands, is also shared by the British, American, Belgian, French and Japanese concerns. This was made necessary by the lesser industrial development in Holland than in other European imperialist countries; also by the need for powerful allies, who had also a stake in the Indies, with big navies, armies and air forces for defense.

The following figures show the real "philanthropic" motive that dictates Dutch policy in Indonesia.

In 1939, no less than sixty-one percent of the total export tonnage was to Holland. *Three-quarters of the capital*

in the islands is Dutch. The nationality of incoming shipping is as follows: Holland 46.7 percent; United Kingdom 30.7 percent; Japan 9.4 percent. Of incoming coastwise and inter-island shipping the share is: Holland 79.1 percent; United Kingdom 11.9 percent; Japan 2.7 percent. *About \$160,000,000 in profits flows every year from the Indies to Holland.*

THE National Movement in Indonesia is young, even as colonial national movements go. This is explained by several factors. Unlike India, there is no developed native Indonesian capitalist class. Development of industry has been backward, the working class small in numbers. Outside Europeans, Indonesian trade is mainly in the hands of Arabs, Chinese, British Indians, etc. Eurasians, treated like Dutchmen by the Dutch, identify themselves with

Dutch rule. There is no Eurasian middle-class with anti-imperialistic interests and national aspirations as is the case, for instance, with the Spanish-speaking Catholic Eurasians of the Philippines where this class has been prominent in the national movement against US imperialism.

About 1910 a radical movement called Sarekat Islam was started in Central Java. The native batik industry was suffering from foreign competition. The leaders of this movement appealed to the masses for support through religious slogans. The first Congress in 1913 still pledged loyalty to Holland. The 1917 Conference, however, declared independence the main objective. This was to be attained if possible by parliamentary means, but the Conference made clear that if the peaceful way proved impossible, the organization would know how to offer itself for land and people. Great emphasis was laid on the class struggle.

The Russian Revolution had a profound effect on the peoples of Indonesia, as on all Asia. The eyes of Indonesians looked more and more to the example of Soviet Russia as to a beacon light for their future.

IN 1919 a central trade union organization was established. There followed a wave of strikes, of which the most important were the Semarang-Cheribon tramway strike, the Sumatra East Coast Railway Strike, the Surabaya printing office strike, the tailors' strike, and finally a strike in that stronghold of European capital, the sugar industry.

In 1920 the Communist Party of Indonesia was formed.

From 1920-27 Communist influence grew very rapidly in the islands. Strikes continued, including a strike in the state pawnshops in 1922, and a transport strike in 1923. The governor-general took drastic measures. He restricted the right of assembly and made it an offense to incite to strike. The main basis of the working-class movement at this time was railway workers and dockworkers, with some support from the plantation workers.

By 1923 the majority of local branches of the Sarekat Islam had Communists in the leadership. But in that year, the right-wing inner group on the central executive, the Old Guard, effected a purge. A new society was formed called the Sarekat Reyat Merah (Red Protestant League) with great popular support. Nineteen hundred and twenty-five saw a new wave of strikes

and lockouts, particularly at Semarang and Surabaya, and from November 1926 to January 1927 there were violent clashes between nationalist and government forces in both Java and Sumatra. *The outbreak in Java lasted about six weeks.* Skirmishes and clashes with the police were frequent in early 1927. The last and most serious of these was at Siloengkang where seven revolutionaries were killed and two policemen wounded.

Then came the government counter-offensive. Four thousand five hundred Indonesian Communists were jailed, and a further 1,308 sent to a concentration camp about 500 miles up the Digoei River in Dutch New Guinea. Tanah Merah, the name of this concentration camp, has a significance for Indonesians not unlike Oranienburg, Dachau and Buchenwald for Europeans, or the Andamans for Indians. It was a strange land across the seas, far from their homes. The place was unhealthy. It was surrounded by mosquito-infested swamps and jungle-country inhabited by head-hunting savages. A few of the prisoners managed to escape in 1929, and after incredible trials landed in democratic Australia feeling certain they would find refuge here from their oppressors. But the Scullin Labor government put them on a ship and packed them back to the Dutch concentration camp.

In 1943, as the Japanese were advancing, the Dutch brought the inmates of this camp, the original number having been meanwhile added to by many more, to Australia, where they were again interned. It was only after Australian democratic bodies campaigned for their release that those of them who wished to play a part to win the war were released. They have given of their best for the defeat of Japan, and the liberation of the Indonesian people. Some of these men I have met were shut up in this camp for seventeen years. Many other Indonesians have manned the ships which played a big role in Pacific campaigns, and many have given their lives in the war.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-seven remains a year of glory in the history of Indonesia's struggle. History will show there were mistakes made then—an over-enthusiasm and too optimistic analysis on the part of the leaders, failure to see the main problem of Indonesian freedom as an agrarian one or to recognize the isolation of Indonesia at that time of temporary capitalist stabilization. Wrong slogans were therefore used. But these pioneers

blazed a trail of glory that will not be forgotten. In the period of terror which followed 1927, the Communist Party was yet able to reorganize on a strictly illegal basis, and to learn from the mistakes of 1927.

The Dutch, after removing the leadership of the national movement in the form of the Communists, suffered the existence for some time of a bourgeois nationalist party of a more or less reformist character called the *Partai Nasional Indonesia*. The patriotic song "Indonesia Raja" dates from this time. In 1929, however, the Dutch government banned even this expression of Indonesian national feeling, arrested the leadership, and deported them too to Tanah Merah in New Guinea.

Meanwhile amongst important sections of the Dutch in the Indies there came into being a dangerous political trend. Fascist and semi-fascist organizations found considerable support. The *Vaaderlandsche Club* was the strongest of these bodies. It has a European membership in Indonesia of many thousands, and defended the principle of inviolability of empire, while attacking the Red danger. Mussert, Holland's National Socialist leader, also visited Indonesia and formed a branch of his organization. There was, however, for obvious reasons, not much support for his racial view among East Indies Europeans. Thus it will be seen that in pre-war Indonesia while fascists were allowed to organize freely, Communists were sent to concentration camps. This was how the Dutch East Indies prepared to defend themselves against Japanese aggression.

An Indonesian, Roestem Effendi, is a Communist member of the second chamber of the States General in Holland, elected by Dutch electors. Sarejono, another Indonesian, was elected on the Communist ticket to a seat in the Dutch Parliament, also by Dutch electors, but he was in an Indonesian jail and has never been allowed to take his seat. Sarejono is now working in Australia.

TO GAUGE likely future possibilities some new factors must be taken into account. First, there have been great shocks in the course of the war to Indonesian economy. When the Germans overran Holland the old economic basis was undermined. Things were just beginning to get going when the Japanese conquest came, and once again the country's economy suffered severe shocks. After the Japanese have been driven out there will be a further re-

orientation, and some confusion for the people. None of this makes for stability.

But this is not all. The defeat in Holland, and then in Indonesia, has not enhanced Dutch prestige among the people, while the Japanese policy of making the Dutch burra sahibs wash latrines in public and utterly to discredit white rule in every way has had its effect.

But not only white imperialism has been discredited. The co-prosperity talk of the Japanese has been debunked. The Japanese found some Indonesian nationalists to cooperate with them at first, so bitter was the hatred of these people for the Dutch. But Japan proved incapable of bringing any prosperity to the people. On the contrary, they were worse off under the Japanese than before. Behind the honeyed words of co-prosperity, and "Asia for the Asiatics," these new rulers soon showed the mailed fist of Japanese imperialist exploitation and Japanese fascist brutality. It was clear that when they said "Asia for the Asiatics" they meant "Asia for Japan."

"The natives are generally docile in nature," wrote a Japanese about Indonesians before the conquest. As a "master race" the Japanese imperialists soon got busy in Indonesia, with face-slapping, and all the other delightful attributes of the Japanese fascist storm-trooper. They exploited the country more savagely than ever, and ruled with an iron hand. Communist-led underground forces organized against the Japanese imperialists from the mountains.

Inside and outside their homeland, Indonesian patriots worked for the liberation of their people. Communists, nationalists have not allowed any feelings of resentment to hinder cooperation for victory with the Dutch. There are signs that the Dutch authorities are planning for greater participation by Indonesians in the administration of Indonesia after the war, but within the framework of colonial rule. There is no sign of any fundamental change to date in official Dutch policy.

So let's tell our Dutch allies frankly: "We don't like seeing people pushed around. We sympathize with those struggling for nationhood in the same way we had to struggle for ours. We don't like concentration camp methods, or deportation of patriots to far off lands. We want to trade and have dealings with a free and democratic Indonesia, and not with a colony. This concerns us, because it's a matter important to our defense, and to our own future—as well as to the future of the world."

November 27, 1945 **NY**

AN ASTRONOMER LOOKS AT THE ATOM

By HARLOW SHAPLEY

Dr. Shapley, who is director of the Harvard College Observatory and a delegate to the London conference to set up an international cultural and educational organization, delivered the following speech at a testimonial dinner given by the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions for Jo Davidson.

AS A HYBRID between a scientist who lives with and for the atom-splitting stars and a hopeful watcher of the moral and psychic evolution of the higher terrestrial animals, as a hybrid of scientist and citizen, I can describe what I see. It isn't nice.

In Washington, I heard two sample remarks last week, one from a learned judge, one from a wise young woman. Said the justice, "For 2,000 years we have been threatened with a fiery and vengeful hell, an incredible and illusive hell; now perhaps we are catching up with it." Said the young woman, "What we need is an immediate and competent psychological study of average citizens of all the world and of their leaders, a psychiatric analysis of confused nations." But I have no fire extinguisher for the justice—nor am I a cosmic psychiatrist.

However, in this nightmare of mine there are, amongst the horrors and stupidities, some beautiful bright spots—there are gems of art, triumphs of architecture and engineering, creations of human loveliness in body, mind and spirit. Are they worthy? Should they be maintained or should they be sacrificed because of ineptness in our foreign policy? Should this beautiful building crumble and those who built it and enjoy it wither in the atomic fires just because we say that, although miracles may be possible in the physical sciences, they are not possible in social relations and international affairs? Must we rely on the diplomatic techniques that have failed in the past? It has been sudden, this crisis,

for slow thinkers. We are caught aghast. In emergency—our imagination is stripped. We are barren of spiritual resources of world-binding ideas. What do we do? We pull on our striped pants and talk the soulless jargon of a decadent age. We talk those tricky, cynical words—trusteeship, peace-loving, prior commitments, arm-for-defense sovereignty. Has the concept of integrity—intellectual integrity—died?

These statements sound so extreme, perhaps, that I should interrupt myself to speak a moment on atomic warfare. Our leading American scientists, especially our physicists, are almost pathologically conservative and universally cautious by nature and training. Rash statements and predictions have in the past been almost unknown among them (with a few exceptions) for the physicists are likely to lose professional standing through headlines. The popular magazines can only with difficulty get them to run the risk of writing popular physics. We should keep that in mind now

when we see the names of physicists by the scores and even hundreds. Almost to a man the nuclear physicists have gone on record. They have finally registered themselves vigorously as specialized citizens, willing and anxious to perform a public service of giving vital information. They have looked into the valley of death and suddenly their voices have come to them. The old ethics of modesty, profundity, and obscurity is fading away, and the names of desperately serious scientists appear on the front pages and in the editorials.

Daily these scientists are holding meetings in many parts of the country, protesting against legislative inanity, against the futility of saber-rattling, and pointing to the necessity of One World or None. They are trying to tell you the following facts:

1. We reached the solution of the explosive release of atomic energy first, but by a narrow margin.

2. Atomic bombs are so revolutionary, when coupled with rocketry, radar-control and the like, that they make obsolete both those philosophies and those techniques of warfare and of national defense that heretofore prevailed.

3. The effectiveness of destruction has been increased by a factor of ten million to one, when measured by the energy considerations.

4. The city-killing missiles in a brief few years from now may arrive from any direction and from any distance on the surface of this planet, and a with accuracy and arrive with anonymity. A tremendous navy is not necessary to propel them, and a billion eighteen-year-old boys marching around with guns would avail nothing.

5. There is and can be no effective defense against the atomic bombs—only against the sources of the bombs.

6. These sources are human, and the solution we seek must be on the human not the mechanical level.

7. This is not a matter of partisan politics, and this issue cannot be maneuvered around the 1946 elections; this is for independent citizens, this is for independent thinkers—and the time is now.

It is grim business we discuss—too grim for a gala party, perhaps. But let me record a personal conviction—we should stop arguing about "sharing"



Philip Reisman.

the bomb and begin insisting on the policy of "sharing the responsibility" for the control and use of atomic energy.

Let's shift the scenery (for there are four minutes left)—then someone sensible can take over. We shift the scenery, the curtain goes up, and I am awake again in a glorious light. Or, if I was awake before, God forbid! then I am now asleep, and here comes the dream.

The policy-makers of the great nations have found a large waste-basket for the deposit of soiled slogans—sovereignty, national destiny, historic pride, *major* powers, and the like. They have agreed to continue civilization. They have recognized that the planet is too small for competing nationalities. Too small because the potentialities of tomorrow, the brain-power of man, his desires for life, friendship and happiness, are all too large and important for competing nationalities.

The scientists (in my dream, if it is one), the musicians, the artists, have renounced nationalism, and have become registered citizens of the world—world citizens *in fact*, as they have tried to be in spirit for many decades.

The policy-makers, and the citizens, and the scientists, all see that human life is to be miraculously enriched through human ingenuity. A great ally in the evolution of mankind has been discovered—nothing less than the inner power of the atoms from which he is himself constructed. Through well-known atomic transmutations the sun has warmed him and fed him from the date of the birth of his species; and now man-operated atomic transmutations will evolve him above the very angels; evolve his heart as well as his head, his sensibilities along with his joys and comforts, his enlarging vision of radiant goals along with the power of appreciation.

No longer need he fear the pulverization of his cities, the collapse of his economics, the loss of his civilization, and just because of stupid national vanities and the primitivism of his science of society. Beautiful Leningrad, magnificent Washington, ancient London, continue through the centuries (in this vision of mine) because man has resorted to a broad application of intelligence.

But am I asleep—is this wakefulness, or dreaming—or both, simultaneously? Is it tragedy or brutal comedy? Must it be dreamery only—this proffered solution? You must help me find out—you, Jo Davidson, and your pals. This rings like the heavy call of destiny. The call is for independent citizens with determination; for independent thinkers! And the time is now!

SCIENCE DEMANDS A PLAN

By LEWIS ALAN BERNE

MORE and more, in thousands of new ways—as if atomic energy were not enough—do people understand the decisive part played by science in the combat against fascism and its tyrannies. We have been rightly impressed with the part technology has played in securing the beachheads for peace. Science and technology have made way for tomorrow.

It is now tomorrow, and the whole world is conscious of the imperative need to use science and technology for an assault on the by-passed tyrannies of unemployment and insecurity. History has presented us with a new precept: we cannot improvise this piece. No nation has been more impressed with the practical accomplishments and the potential of its technology, and no people was made more conscious of the relation of time to the production of materials needed for winning the war. Strategy and war policy, as well as battle operations, were most intimately tied to scientific and industrial accomplishment.

Now this takes on new meaning at this time, for the peace too has its operational needs. Peace will not be won by adherence to a set of lofty economic or technological principles which can be dry cleaned every so often. Nor will it be won by national exclusiveness in science. Peace can be won by science and technology functioning as part of a national policy and program meshed into the operational needs of security and well-being which in turn must also insure the continued expansion and utilization of science and technology.

It is the recognition of this concept which has brought about the need for establishing government responsibility for and assistance to a national program for science and for the creation of the proper government machinery for the execution of such a program. And we must not lose sight of the fact that the specific proposals for a National Research Foundation now before a Senate

committee constitute a plan—a statement of objectives and a program for their achievement.

I think we shall have to speak out unequivocally about planning—about the application of the engineering method to the affairs of life. The proposal for a National Research Foundation highlights the need for planning technics and for the need to map our national objectives without having to fret about the word "planning" or the dosages with which it shall be administered. Planning is not a nostrum, it is not a tonic; it is a scientific method for reaching certain objectives. It cannot be ladled out or administered in de-sensitizing doses. It has to be used and coordinated around particular problems just as basic research and development must be related to the most fundamental industrial, agricultural and health programs bearing on our economy.

It is inconceivable at this turn of our national affairs that we hesitate for whatever reason to utilize whatever we know about planning and, in fact, that we do not perform more research and development in this very field. Basically, no one can dispute the fact that planning is characteristic almost of all human activity. What we shall have to decide is whether our planning of science and technology shall be public and conducted in the public interest or whether it shall continue to be used only for certain interests.

SCIENCE and technology have always been related in every way with planning. Science itself is a plan—a calculated and organized and methodical search for certain objectives by the control and rearrangement and resynthesis and application of the laws of nature. A simple algebraic equation is a plan. A chemical formula is a plan.

One must ask: where would industry be without planning, without re-planning and new planning? How could this nation have achieved its magnificent

victories without planning on the battle-fronts and the technological and industrial fronts? And where will we stand in peace without planning?

It is quite true that planning is more urgently utilized in time of war when we are concerned with the destructive aspects of science and technology. That is unfortunate but reparable. A measure for a National Science Foundation is an important step in making these repairs because it is a clear statement of governmental responsibility for utilizing the constructive phases of science and technology for human good and prosperity.

Who would dare say that the creation of the atomic bomb could have been possible in so short a time if it were undertaken by individual interests? One thing is no secret about atomic enemy—it was made possible because it was the greatest cooperative enterprise ever fashioned for science. It was made possible by government coordination, by pooled resources, by central administration, and by planning. It is the most graphic example of tremendous achievement in so short a time. Time and life were telescoped and split and reshaped through the coordination of various sciences and technologies under public sponsorship.

We know we must now direct that same government sponsored research toward our well-being and security. And we must do it just as urgently as we did in our work on atomic energy if we are to provide any measure of the life for which we fought and died the world over.

How then shall we bend our resources through science for an assault on poverty, insecurity, low standards of human welfare? How shall we channel our abundant abundance, and how shall we manage our capacities for energy—man's capacity for work and production of human needs? These two concepts of full technology and full social benefits are isotopic in modern life.

Having learned how to shape and rebuild science to satisfy human needs, we must learn at once how to shape and rebuild national policy together with science for the attainment of specific social and national objectives. We cannot at this time enjoy the dubious privilege of selecting and restricting scientific advancement. For we cannot make carefully selected progress here and there to satisfy profit motives without impairing the national good. We have a vast national and international problem consisting of thousands and thousands of

human needs which need satisfying. Shall we begin to satisfy them one at a time, marked off on a sales chart, or shall we pool our knowledge and resources as we did in the atomic energy project and make a frontal assault to satisfy those needs not fifty years from now but immediately—as immediately as life itself demands?

We know a little about atomic energy, about the combat against disease through penicillin, about the reclamation of life through the Tennessee Valley Authority—all living testimonials to government sponsorship of science and technology. We have also to look up occasionally from the wondrous trees to the magnificent forests to understand how best to reach our destinies through science in the public good. Shall research and development be conducted purely along narrow and restricted lines of specialization, shall we continue policies of scientific isolation, or shall we marshal all our resources and intentions and coordinate scientific and technological advances?

We have the most desperate need now for such coordination if human needs are to be met against the background of the magnificent abilities we possess to

satisfy those needs. We have the most desperate need for coordination within specific sciences and technologies as well as between them in order to bring our advances into some kind of focus.

An immediately visible example is the glaring need to coordinate the various branches of engineering. One of our most pressing needs is shelter, yet from almost every point of view our shelter is obsolete and literally generations behind our technological capacity. It is nothing short of the fantastic, for example, that our basic research in building technology is so diffused and obsolete and that we do not bring to this potentially tremendous industry the advances we have made in engineering, physics, chemistry, architecture and industrial methods. From the point of view of what we know in science and technology which can be applied directly to housing, we are living in the wigwam era. We can get out of that era only by the coordination of our scientific and technological capacities.

We are all mindful of the prodigious wastes and duplications in the utilization of our technological resources in the war. The dramatic character of the atomic bomb project must not obscure this or



"Let's be down-to-earth! We know war is inevitable."

the fact that we are not taking steps quickly enough to eliminate such wastes. Our national policy in this regard needs rebuilding; and this rebuilding can be achieved only through the establishment of a government program for the utilization of science and technology in the public good. This means that government will also have to assume the responsibility for securing a broader public understanding of and responsibility for science and technology as social, economic and political instruments.

The recent discussions about the secrets of the atomic bomb have spotlighted this problem for all the world to see. And for the American people in particular the whole question of the purpose of science has been opened up. The scientists who contributed to the creation of the atomic bomb were a long time in being heard, and the suppression of their thinking bears heavily on the public responsibility we have toward scientific advancement.

Almost all at once we witnessed an assault on science and technology, we saw a demonstration of how certain groups sought to isolate science, frustrate it, monopolize it and make it nationally exclusive at home and abroad. It is possible to do so at home by reserving it only for those who can exploit and control both its destructive and constructive characteristics.

Typically enough, those who would lock up the secrets of atomic energy have employed a traditional and dangerous device. They did not appear in the public view. They had their own scientists take the national witness stand to lead the fight against scientific progress and freedom with the purpose of giving the semblance of authority to their drive for the isolation of science and the isolation of this nation from the rest of the world. It should be noted that these few scientists served not science but their special interests. They have participated in an attack on the freedom of science and freedom itself. By creating the atmosphere of a Wellsian fantasy about destroying the world overnight, and by attempting to characterize science as some sort of supernatural power, they have tried to frighten us into the belief that we possess a new magic big stick.

And in a way that is true—it is a big stick over the American people and their aspirations as well.

Yet one thing must be pointed out. Is it not curious and revealing that those scientists and their interests who demand the isolation of science and locking up

the secrets of atomic energy are the same scientists and interests who gave so freely of their scientific and industrial secrets to the Japanese and Nazis, and who stand under public indictment for this?

There is certainly a sharply pointed moral in this fact. It discloses very simply that those interested in science for profit cannot be trusted to apply science for the well-being and security of our people. It points up the need for the administration of a science program in such a way that the interests of the public are best represented; it points up the need to make public and to disseminate the findings of research and invention; it points up the need for a patent policy so that science and technology are democratically administered and made available to the nation through coordinated resources.

SELFISH, profit-seeking attitudes lie behind our treatment of the whole question of atomic energy. The uses and principles of nuclear energy cannot remain a secret; they are as global as matter and energy. What we can make a secret is our intentions to our people and the rest of the world. And here, more dramatically than ever before, is compressed the whole history of scientific progress into the present historical question: shall our science be utilized for human good or human destruction? If our security as a nation externally depends on our utilization of scientific advances, our security is now indivisible—this atomic principle about the utilization of science for human needs cannot be split.

I spoke before about the wastes and duplications of our wartime utilization of science and technology and the need to overcome that in order that our science may be fruitfully applied to the satisfaction of human needs.

Unless some sweeping measures are undertaken to utilize our scientists and technologists at their best skills, we shall not be able to overcome wastefulness of this nature. We are all aware of the fact that we did not employ the skills and abilities of our engineers, chemists, physicists and other technologists fully and completely. Nor were we provided with a machinery for keeping them abreast of developments in science and engineering.

In addition, the ranks of our technologists were sorely depleted during the war period, and their training was seriously hampered. The nation has lost an important source of technological

strength with the consequence of a weakened and restricted technology.

Our inability to use our technical personnel at highest levels is not just a wartime phenomenon. It goes back much further than that. It goes back to the times in this generation, especially as a result of our Great Depression, when so many technologists were unemployed, or working at lesser skills and when their training was wasted and their economic standards seriously depressed. These technologists have never recovered from that depression; their remuneration is painfully out of joint with their contributions and accomplishments. The same obsolete and chaotic system of remuneration for technical employes of depression days has been carried over so that it serves to stunt technological development.

All this will be difficult to remedy unless we organize and plan the utilization of our scientific technological resources by coordinating them and linking them with full employment—full employment for our technological skills to act as the catalyst for full employment and technology for the scientist himself and for the community and the nation.

We are in a period when our scientists and technologists, especially our younger ones and those in our schools, look forward intensely to conditions whereby the fruits of their endeavors will improve their own status and the status of all our people. They insist, and labor insists with them, that their professions can serve society only as they occupy their rightful place in the national community—as they discharge their duties of responsibility to the people and as the community discharges its responsibility to afford them recognition, status and security. Cycles of frustration of science and the depletion of scientific and technical skills today will affect not only our national well being but that of the entire world.

The organization and coordination of our science and technology through government responsibility is the only means whereby we may proceed to the fullest utilization of technology in reconstruction and peaceful development.

Mr. Berne is president of the International Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians-CIO. His article is abstracted from a statement he recently made before a Senate subcommittee dealing with the establishment of a national science program.

A JEWISH HISTORY WEEK

By THE EDITORS

LOUIS ADAMIC has just published a book called *A Nation of Nations*. It seeks to combat the conception that "the United States is an Anglo-Saxon country with a White-Protestant-Anglo-Saxon civilization. . . ." It argues, on the contrary, for the proposition that "the pattern of America is all of a piece; it is a blend of cultures from many lands, woven of threads from many corners of the world."

Among the cultures which are part of the pattern of America is that of the Jewish people. Yet it is *terra incognita* for most of us, including many of Jewish birth. Even educated Americans know little of the Jewish past beyond what they have read in the Bible. Ignorance feeds anti-Semitism and anti-Semitism feeds fascism, the great devourer of all freedom and civilized values.

Eleven years ago NEW MASSES published a series of articles by John L. Spivak called "Plotting America's Pogroms." At that time we stood almost alone among weekly publications in pointing the finger at the Jew-baiters and Nazi agents who were menacing our country. Last year our government finally caught up with some of those whom Spivak had exposed and put them on trial for sedition. In these eleven years the danger of anti-Semitism—its threat to Gentile as well as Jew—has grown. Its tentacles have reached into many public areas—into the schools and universities as well as into its traditional lurking places. But there have grown too the public awareness of the menace and public efforts to combat anti-Semitism as an integral part of that fascist horror, against which so many freedom-loving men and women have waged history's bloodiest war. Unfortunately it cannot be said that the military defeat of the Axis has routed the Gerald L. K. Smiths, the Robert R. Reynolds', the Ku Kluxers and the rest of the fascist scum. Last week NEW MASSES concluded a series by Harold Preece and Dorothy Roberts which revealed the latest plans of America's well-financed fuehrers for postwar pogroms and assaults on democracy.

One positive aspect of the fight against anti-Semitism has, however, hitherto been neglected: the actual record of the Jewish people. In the schools of our country the part of the Jews in American history usually begins with Haym Salomon, who helped finance the American Revolution, and ends with Haym Salomon. Not only does this keep millions of Americans in ignorance of the many notable contributions made by other Jews, but it tends to create a one-sided and prejudicial picture of the nature of Jewish participation in our life and culture. How many of us know of such Jewish heroes as Maj. Benjamin Nones, who fought in the Revolution, of Comm. Uriah P. Levy in the War of 1812, of

the three Jews, August Bondi, Theodore Weiner and Jacob Benjamin, who were comrades of John Brown in the battle against slavery, of the many Jews, nine of whom became generals, who fought in the Union Army? How many know that Jews were among the leaders of the Democratic-Republican Societies which rallied to Jefferson in the 1790's, and that not only was the founder of the modern American trade union movement, a Jew, Samuel Gompers, but that Jews were among the pioneers in the organization of the American workers before the Civil War?

This is not a question of acquiring academic knowledge or even of doing justice to a minority group. It is a question rather of *expanding the arsenal against anti-Semitism and fascism*. The Jews have been singled out as particular targets of fascist attack in every land. The democratic forces therefore cannot avoid particular counter-efforts in their behalf as part of the larger struggle against fascism. After exploring this problem with a number of persons active in Jewish affairs as well as with non-Jews, NEW MASSES feels that the time is ripe for the launching of a campaign for an annual Jewish History Week. What we have in mind would be analagous to Negro History Week, which is widely observed the week of February 12 and has been officially proclaimed in resolutions adopted the past two years by the New York City Council. As in the case of Negro History Week, a Jewish History Week would be utilized to disseminate knowledge and understanding of the role and achievements of the Jewish people through programs in the schools, churches, trade unions and other organizations, through public meetings, exhibits at libraries, etc.

WHETHER a Jewish History Week should cover the entire scope of Jewish history or focus solely on the history of the Jews in this country is a question which can be resolved through further discussion. We ourselves feel it important to emphasize the contributions of the Jewish people to American life. The specific week to be observed is another matter that can be settled by discussion.

We believe that this is a proposal on which all forward-looking organizations and individuals, Jewish and non-Jewish, irrespective of their differences on other questions, can wholeheartedly unite. We feel that the trade unions, many of which have to contend with their own problems of anti-Semitism, should have a special interest in a proposal of this kind. NEW MASSES plans to seek the views of a number of prominent Americans and we hope to publish those that are of general interest. We also earnestly invite comment from our readers.

RICHARD O. BOYER'S PAGE

STAND-UP FIGHTERS

A NEW spirit is animating the Communist Party. It is learning to bring its own programs forward without isolating itself. It is learning to put its own candidates forward while building and strengthening wider democratic forces. In three American cities some 215,000 American citizens recently voted for Communist candidates. To my mind this success is the result of a new boldness and a new directness. The American people like standup fighters. They don't like indirectness. They don't like timidity. They like a guy to say what he thinks and they like a guy to know what he thinks. Thousands of Americans are not shocked by the idea of socialism. They are shocked, however, by those so cautious that they cannot bring themselves to talk of it or of the party advocating it.

We should be careful not to run to meet the underground before it is here. That's the way to bring it. We should take care that we are not the ones who believe that being a Communist is somehow shocking or dangerous while thousands of non-Communists see nothing particularly strange in trying to convince the American people that their democratic ownership of the country's wealth is the way out for them and the world. The only strange thing to many is the reluctance of some Communists to talk about their goal or their Party. We should remember, it seems to me, that a party can have a correct program and still be powerless if the moral fervor necessary to put it in effect is absent. You can't get anywhere by pretending you're not there, or by pretending you're just waiting for a street car, or by having a pitiful "Who, me?" attitude if someone asks your beliefs or affiliations.

It is probable that unless the Communist Party of the United States grows faster than it has ever grown before our country will be faced with fascism and our world will be faced with war. But the Party cannot be built by negation. It cannot grow through a dead caution and a sterile fear. It will not increase through the activities of Communists known only to their God and their wives. The moral fervor necessary to animate millions cannot be found in those afraid to speak for fear they will anger the boss. Being a Communist is not a device to win a popularity contest. Only those proud and eager to communicate their vision of a socialist world without poverty and without war can quicken and move the great, inert mass of indifference that swathes the danger of the modern world. Only those who know the danger of a small Communist Party in the future can feel the safety of the present. Now is the time to build and proclaim. Caution now may bring danger later. And if fascism arrives, let none think he will be saved because he is not an identified Communist. Fascism hits like a plague and engulfs the timid along with the bold. The cautious, tidy little soul who keeps his lips closed in the hope that he can outwit disaster is like a man who thinks he can outwit an earth-

quake. His tight lipped silence invites a catastrophe he might avert by opening his mouth and shouting his convictions.

IF THE situation is as stark as many believe it to be—either a vibrant, militant Communist Party playing its part in a strong American democratic coalition or fascism and World War III—surely the time and necessity have arrived for blunt speaking. Can we break through the habit and the prejudice and misinformation that characterizes much of the American scene and build a Communist Party of a size and strength demanded by history if much of our present strength is emasculated by the secrecy that it imposes upon itself? It does no good to say that this secrecy is imposed by the bosses and by the mores of our time. Whosever the fault, the weakness is ours. Rather in such a diagnosis we Red-bait ourselves and accept Hearst's estimate of the American people instead of our own. We desert a basic American principle and in deserting it play our part in bringing fascism. I mean by this that the Constitution and the law provide us our right to speak our mind and advocate our views and when we ourselves refuse to exercise that right we weaken it. Few things are *legally* so innocuous as advocating socialism. The very crux and marrow of the American system is the right of minority viewpoints and in fighting for that right we are fighting for the foundation of accepted American principle. Too many of us accept Hearst's view that advocacy of socialism is somehow sinister and too many of us consider ourselves melodramatically. As a matter of fact socialism is an old idea and has been advocated for more than a hundred years by literally millions of people. Who are you, Comrade Doaks, to feel that you must cower when you speak of this grand old bromide?

Moral conviction is the dynamo that builds great mass movements. Lenin frequently spoke of the moral impregnability of certain positions. Only a fortnight ago Molotov spoke of the moral invulnerability of the Soviet role. The American Abolitionists built their movement on the moral imperatives of their case. But American Communists, as morally consecrated in act and in fact as any people anywhere at any time, have sometimes foolishly felt that mention of morality somehow had a bourgeois character. We should capitalize on the essential bedrock honesty of a viewpoint and a program that we believe to be the only one that will solve man's problems. We should anchor ourselves in our Constitutional right to be professing Communists. We should use the courts for agitational purposes and for the further purpose of enjoying in fact the legality that is ours in principle. We should institute test cases against those governmental oaths that equate Communism with fascism. We should seek cases, rather than avoid them, that establish the American right to be a Communist without penalty. And if we lose one case we should institute another. We should open a lobby in Washington and make the Communist position known on every pertinent piece of legislation. To my mind that's the way you fight fascism and that's the way you build the Party—or at least one of the many ways.

Now none of this means, of course, that you should walk up to the boss and say "Listen, you so-and-so. I'm a



Communist." But it does mean that you can let people working at the next desk or bench know what you think and why you think it. If French Communists gave thousands of lives perhaps American Communists can risk a few jobs. None of this means that a Communist should ever advance his views in a way that would isolate him or the Party from the democratic coalition that must be built. But the Party's programs and the Party's people can never be known if, for

example, the recurring need to win an election in a hypothetical Local 202 makes it forever impossible to reveal the fact that some of the best members of Local 202 are Communists. Local 202 is important but so is the Communist Party of the United States, whose growth is the sure guarantee that 202 will prosper. But the Party cannot increase on silence and anonymity. To think otherwise is to kid ourselves. And it's no time for kidding.

ABOUT ARTISTS BY ARTISTS

**Pissarro, Davis, Albright, Hondius, Tromka reviewed by Moses Soyer,
Ad Reinhardt, Philip Evergood, Sol Wilson, Philip Reisman**

IN MY last article I promised to mention the artists who will share my column. Some of them are: Henry Botkin, Elizabeth Catlett, Philip Evergood, William Gropper, Julian Levi, Irene Rice Perera, Joseph Hirsch, Robert Gwathmey, Nicolai Cikovsky, David Burliuk, Maurice Becker, Raphael Soyer, Frank Kleinholz, Ad Reinhardt, Phil Reisman, Minna Harkavy, Chaim Gross, Nahum Tschacbasov and Nat Werner. Some of these artists have promised to contribute special articles on social and esthetic problems of art in addition to regular reviews. These represent a great diversity of talent and opinion and readers of NEW MASSES may confidently expect pieces from them stimulating not only to the layman but to artists and students as well.

Camille Pissarro

THE most distinguished exhibition on the crowded calendar is undoubtedly the retrospective exhibition of Pissarro at the Wildenstein Gallery. It has been said that one should see the artist and his work because two have often nothing in common. Pissarro, like other great artists of the past, proves the weakness of this theory. Even if one knew nothing of his life, of the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries and the integrity which was his guiding principle, his work would have proclaimed it. It is so profoundly honest.

Many articles and books have been written about Pissarro and his art, and there is little I can add. Let me quote from *Letters to his Son Lucien*, published in 1943 by Pantheon. These letters reveal Pissarro in his full stature. It is remarkable how contemporary, how like our own were the problems that beset him:

"I have been paid many compliments,

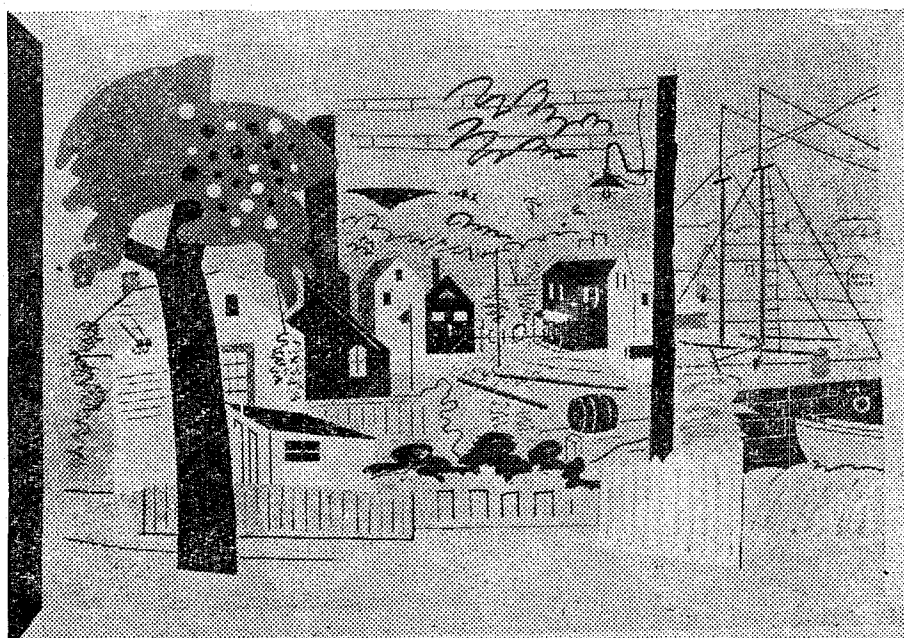
but I do not compliment myself. . . . It is only by drawing often, drawing everything, drawing incessantly that one fine day you discover to your surprise that you have rendered something of true character. . . . Don't strive for skillful line, strive for simplicity, rather incline towards caricature than toward prettiness. . . . Remember Degas." His admiration for Degas was boundless.

In social thinking he was very progressive and ahead of most of his contemporaries. In a letter to Lucien recommending a certain pamphlet he refers to socialism as "a movement which points to a new road which society must take."

He assails bitterly the bourgeoisie of his time: "See then, how stupid the bourgeoisie, the real bourgeoisie have become, step by step they go lower and lower, in a word they are losing all notion of beauty, they are mistaken about everything; where there is something to admire, they shout it down, where there

are stupid sentimentalists they jump with joy or swoon. Everything they have admired for the last fifty years is now forgotten, old fashioned, ridiculous." Does this not strike a sympathetic chord today?

As one studies the work of Pissarro it becomes evident that, at several points in his career, he was profoundly influenced by his contemporaries, especially Cezanne and Seurat. He exploited their discoveries fully and frankly without ever losing his own identity. Towards his later years, when fame and recognition came to him, he assumed an appearance of a benign patriarch. He was kind and helpful with advice and aid to young artists. Cezanne called him "humble and colossal" and referred to him on several occasions as "my Rabbi." Mary Cassatt said: "He was such a teacher that he could have taught stones how to draw correctly." Degas, the misanthrope and recluse, felt a deep friendship for him and had profound respect



"Summer Landscape," by Stuart Davis.

for his critical judgment and, Gauguin, the ingrate, had this to say, "He looked at everybody, you say? Why not? Everyone looked at him too, but denied him. He was one of my masters and I do not deny him."

MOSES SOYER.

Stuart Davis

THERE'S little to add to the deserving tributes paid this month to Stuart Davis, one of our "first" American moderns, now one of our accepted "foremost" painters, who is currently having an impressive retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Stuart Davis has always known that his painting was a matter of order, structure, relationships. Once he was merely included in American group "cross-section" exhibitions to "round out" and "liberalize" them, usually all by himself. When a work was needed to represent "modern," "unacademic" or "left" painting in America, a Stuart Davis was invariably selected. And for over a decade he's looked bright and fresh and unique in the company he's kept.

Davis calls himself a "realist," and he's an abstract painter, and abstractionists are "realistic" (when you think about the term). His work is not "naturalistic," though, and his paintings are not "pictures" or "window-frames," but rather organizations of lines, colors, spaces (American organizations, if you want). I'm sorry that it seemed necessary for him to bring in the lamp-post, radio-tube and light-bulb business in his later and more abstract paintings, as if to give them "extra" meaning and "ease" their communication. For these representational references make some people try to reduce the paintings to "figure-out-what-it's-supposed-to-be" games (and who's the goat in those cases?).

Abstract art or non-pictorial art is as old as this century and though more specialized than previous art, is clearer and more complete, and like all modern thought and knowledge, more demanding in its grasp of relations, forms, structures. When abstract artists are asked what "means" their work, they're apt to turn on the questioner and indicate the necessary intellectual and emotional conditions for the appreciation of their work. Though Davis' paintings don't exactly ask the spectator, "What do you represent?" they do demand more participation, more awareness on the part of the onlooker (who isn't helped by titles either).

Our contemporary "art world" forces painters to exploit their individuality and



"Clown's Head," by Gerrit Houdius.

peculiarity, and unfortunately one is always "on one's own." Davis has always known the value of group activity, though, and was once conspicuous in the organized combatting of fascism, bigotry, narrow political and esthetic ideas. His present political inactivity and his lack of relation to artists' groups is regrettable for a painter of his integrity and stature.

AD REINHARDT.

The Albrights

REALISM which occupies itself with the little pouches and mounds of flesh, with the pathetic wrinkles, with the minutiae of the human pores and the body hairs—this is the realism of Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, one of the two Albright twins now giving a combined show of their work at the Associated American Artists Galleries. Both Le Lorraine and his brother, who paints

under the name of Zsissy, show unusual technical ability in an academic sense and both evidence great gifts in expressing, in a naturalistic way, the effects of form intensified under artificial light. Besides these blessings they have a flair for setting down, in what seems to be the most self-hypnotized way, large quantities of human fragments and knicknacks microscopically conceived and painfully recorded. Zsissy is slightly the more corny of the two. His tastes run the gamut from dripping wine glasses, lace trimmings and crinkled leather shoes (which are repeated in his brother's canvases) to a love of the outdoors as expressed in a series of very jolly, well-behaved academic landscape and seascapes. Le Lorraine's work is even more divided into two classes. The first is a group of studio studies which, though naively presented, possess the most embarrassingly pretentious titles. One of these was called "I Drew a Picture in



"The Pretzel Lady," by Abraham Tromka.

the Sand and Water Washed it Away." The second category is the mature work of this artist which adds up to an extremely convincing argument for mass suicide. In these paintings a very photographic naturalist has spent years depicting the horrors of old age in terms of general bodily deterioration—painted with pigments which resemble a mixture of prune and violet juice. The bulging surface veins and tumorous mounds of flesh on these human beings who are built seemingly of tiny fragments of matter (possibly pieced together by ants or held in place by the gases of decay which they seem only to contain) cry out pitifully to the drooping, red-rimmed eyes for a quick end to this worldly dis-

comfort. The titles to these pictures are poetic and decadently aromatic, such as "In This World There Came a Soul Called Ida."

Occasionally Le Lorraine attempts to paint an alive worker. His "Line Man" should be healthy for his duties, but the gnawing temptation to magnify and multiply the cracks in this young man's skin, as he has done in his shoe leather, has turned what should be a symbol of hope and strength into a crumbling corpse. Instead of attempting to express all the facets of human experience and thus expressing the fullness of life, Le Lorraine Albright has become a very brilliant specialist in decay.

PHILIP EVERGOOD.

ndius

THAT Mr. Hondius is an outstanding painter is, in my opinion, amply proved by his exhibition at the ACA Gallery. In the present day of "modernism at any cost," of vagaries in art, of pseudo-Freudianism, of conscious sensationalism, this exhibition is indeed refreshing. Discarding all attempts to be different; disdaining all obvious catch-the-eye methods he stubbornly adheres to fundamentals, to stark reality.

Yet, his paintings can by no means be considered illustrations or records of episodes in life. He has no story to tell. His paintings are not literature. But he does manifest an unusual freedom of expression in whatever he depicts. Moods are varied from the sombre and dramatic to the lyrical or playful.

Hondius does not have an objective approach to the subjects he paints. He does not place his people on a platform to be coldly observed. He is one with them and of them. He takes his audience with him into the picture. The on-looker participates.

Hondius paints fishermen from Gloucester, piers and docks in Rockport, circus scenes, East Side scenes, bar-rooms and similar subjects. While he might be labeled a "romantic" he does not treat his subjects in the vein of the popular conception of the "romantically picturesque." He doesn't dress his people up for the occasion. His fishermen, for example, are workers like workers anywhere. Permeated with the grime and salt of the sea, saturated with the grease of the winches and pulleys, they work hard indeed to earn a meager living. "Evening Meal" is a revealing painting of these fishermen. His painting "East Side Mission" is an eloquent manifestation of the artist's deep feeling for the underprivileged and the disfranchised.

Mr. Hondius' color is very personal, generally a brooding, sombre palette. At times, however, his color is rather sweet and somewhat on the surface; or a little murky in the darks. But on the whole the color is rich and full-blooded.

SOL WILSON.

Abraham Tromka

IN AN art season which opened auspiciously with the accent on "Other Worlds," and a great drive on the abstract and metaphysical fronts, which continues with the well-trumpeted decay of the Albright brothers, it is a real relief to view the work of Tromka now showing at the ACA Gallery. For Tromka, as this show indicates, will

have no truck with the current drive toward anarchic evasion. His pictures are an honest, first-hand reaction to the contemporary scene, showing social understanding and a deep poetic insight. His color is strong and richly orchestrated and his handling of forms is dynamic and less consciously forced than in the past.

Nor is there any mistaking the integrity of this work, as Tromka has developed a personal expressionist form through which he can eloquently express his deepest feelings in a plastic sense.

Outstanding among the pictures is "Jersey City Backyards" with its oppressive lavender sky and huddling rows of houses. This is a real workingclass landscape. Also notable are "Gowanus Canal in Winter" with its humanized handling of industrial architecture, "Lum's Place" for its lyrical passages and "Day's End" with its golden twilight.

This work, predominantly landscape, has guts and something to say, and definitely is landscape with a human, social awareness.

PHIL REISMAN.

Calendar

THE NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY, formerly known as the Silk Screen Group has moved to 38 West 57th Street. Its opening exhibition consists of prints by its members in permanent collections. It is an attractive, bright and well arranged exhibition. More than fifty museums are listed in the society's informative booklet as having acquired prints by its members. It is a non-profit organization, owned and controlled by the artists, whose aim is the development of serigraphy as a fine art. The group was formed in 1940 by a handful of artists pioneering in this medium. It has grown greatly and is now national in membership. To date over 700 examples in the medium have been created. The society is affiliated with the Artists League of America. Miss Doris Meltzer is the director.

DAVID ARONSON, Niveau Gallery, 63 East 57th Street. First one-man show by a young Bostonian. Mr. Aronson possesses a fine talent. His work could be called iconography, the subject matter being of a religious nature, such as "Trinity," "The Last Supper," "Coronation and the Virgin," etc. The religious quality of his work is further strengthened by his use of the encaustic method which he has learned from Karl Zerbe and which originally was used by

the Egyptians. It is somewhat not of this world.

CLARA SITNEY, RoKo Gallery, 51 Greenwich Avenue. A member of ILGWU, Miss Sitney paints her fellow workers, at work and at play, with naive charm and feeling. The show also contains bright renditions of New York City, its skyline and streets.

KOREN DER HAROOTIAN, Kraushaar Gallery, 32 East 57th Street. A young Armenian sculptor whose father was murdered by the Turks in 1915, who came to America via Russia in 1921. An extremely talented and capable craftsman who often weakens his sculpture by over-modelling. "Fallen Grenade Thrower" is striking and touching.

WALT KUHN, Durand-Ruel, 12 East 57th Street. Landscapes by the veteran American artist. A number of them could be described as austere portraits of trees. One feels that Mr. Kuhn tries consciously to keep away from sentiment, yet occasionally po-

etic moods of nature seep through.

MARTYL, ACA Gallery, 61 and 63 East 57th Street. Recent work by this talented St. Louis artist. It seems that she has changed considerably in style and approach since her last exhibition, yet one feels that when she finds herself she will do important work.

WALDO PEIRCE, Midtown Gallery, Madison Avenue. "Peirce Children Grow Up." A delightful and, in a way, a retrospective exhibition of paintings, the theme of which are his children from the day they were born up to the present.

MEXICAN PAINTING, Knoedler Gallery, 57th Street. An important exhibition of a group of Mexican painters which include such widely different personalities as David Siqueiros and Rufino Tamayo. A provocative show to be reviewed in the next article.

THE NEGRO COMES OF AGE, Brooklyn Museum. An important exhibition to be reviewed by Elizabeth Catlett.

M. S.

Supper

In the hut on the mountain supper is served.
Sweet is the oil-light, as sweet as its fruit,
Food for the eyes, the blue root in the brass,
Like a serene star in the house is the lamp stand
And the table is spread with fragrant linen,
On it fresh fruit and the honeycomb too
And the sweet-tasting olive, like the light to the eyes,
And the weaver and young mourner supped,
Sweet-browed women, Lygia supped facing
The flute she had placed on the loom,
And Glauce, a large-eyed woman, her hair
Resting over her brow in two gold wings
And her wide forehead sparkled serene,
And a placid eve lit the depths of our mind,
At the open windows, a deep Olympian night,
With the peaks like the mist of the crescent moon,
With the stars sipping light in the oil of peace.

ANGHELOS SIKELIANOS.

Translated by Rae Dalven

Anghelos Sikelianos was born in Lefkas, one of the Ionian Islands in Greece, on March 27, 1884. He is universally recognized as one of the most outstanding poets of modern Greece. His most important poetical works include: Prologue to Life: "The Consciousness of My Earth," "The Easter of the Greeks," "The Mother of God." His tragedies include: Daedalus, Asklepios, Ariadne, Sibyl Plethon, The Dithyramb of the Rose. In 1941-42 Mr. Sikelianos wrote The Akritan Songs, underground poems defying the fascist oppressors and commemorating the unconquered spirit of the Greeks.

MANCHURIA'S PATRIOTS

DISPATCHES from Chungking inspired by Kuomintang sources are spreading rumors to the effect that the Soviet Union has violated its treaty with China not to interfere in its internal affairs. The USSR is charged with surreptitiously permitting the Chinese Communist-led Eighth Route Army to infiltrate Manchuria, thus denying Chiang Kai-shek's troops access to this newly-liberated Chinese territory. Officially the Chungking government denies these rumors, but fails to explain why its troops are unable to land in Manchurian ports manned by native Chinese troops. Foreign correspondents readily solve this mystery by simply labelling all anti-Kuomintang troops as the Communist-led Eighth Route Army. This oversimplified and fantastic tribute to the legendary omnipresence of the Eighth Route Army over all the vast regions of North China, Inner

Mongolia and the four provinces of Manchuria overlooks the fundamental fact that a virtual democratic revolution occurred behind the Japanese lines and in the Japanese-occupied territories, including that of Manchuria.

Manchurian patriots have been conducting a consistent, uninterrupted and resolute war against the Japanese troops ever since the fateful days of the Mukden "incident" in 1931 when Manchuria was occupied by Japan without official resistance. It is well to remember that Chiang Kai-shek at that time instructed the Manchurian armies under Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang not to resist the Japanese and to withdraw into North China to suppress the Communist armies instead. Manchurian people have never forgotten, and evidently not forgiven, this act of treachery. Their young men moved into the hills and forests, formed guerrilla and partisan

detachments and harassed the Japanese over all these fourteen years. In the course of this cruel and relentless struggle the Partisan detachments grew into armies and the simple peasant warriors became democratic political leaders who had learned a lesson of history: feudal landlordism becomes a treacherous ally of the fascist invader. They also learned that the Manchurian landlords who became puppets of Japan belong in the same social and class category as the feudal landlords of China proper, who now form the substance and the base of the Chungking government.

This mighty lesson of history mastered under the impact of the patriotic war has permeated all the common people of China. The Chiang Kai-shek regime sits on a volcano of the long delayed democratic agrarian revolution. The civil war they are unleashing with US military aid and diplomatic encouragement is a desperate and forlorn effort to prevent the irrepressible rise of democracy and basic land reforms. The ugly rumors released from Chungking can only be interpreted, as hypocritical protests over the Soviet Union's refusal to disarm the Manchurian patriots and suppress the democratic resurgence of the Chinese people. One thing the people of the world know is that the Red Army of the Soviet Union will never put down liberation and democratic uprisings and movements of the people as the British armies are doing now in Indonesia and Greece.

What Have You Done About China?

NEW MASSES urges every reader immediately to sign this coupon and send it to President Truman. Or, if you prefer, send a letter or telegram to the President demanding in your own words the immediate withdrawal of American marines, warships and all material of war from China. Get your friends and any organization with which you are associated to take similar action.

PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN
The White House
Washington, D. C.

The presence of American military forces in the disputed areas of China constitutes a policy of military intervention by the United States in the internal affairs of a friendly power, and, according to reports, has already resulted in casualties among our men. The continued presence of our troops in these zones of civil strife may result in further casualties of our sailors, soldiers and marines. I, therefore, urgently petition you: (1) immediately to withdraw American forces from China; (2) to stop aiding one side against the other in the Chinese civil war; (3) to stop the use of American Lend-Lease or other equipment to kill any Chinese; (4) to stop transporting any Chinese troops to be engaged in civil war from one place to another.

Name

Street

City Zone State

Business Sits Down

A HIDDEN strike is being waged in this country which, if it received the headlines it merits, would dwarf all the sensationalized news stories of labor's current actions and mounting strike votes. This is the sit-down strike of big business which, as one would expect, gets no airing in the commercial press, but which unfortunately has not been adequately highlighted in labor and progressive journals. Scattered references have been made to this hidden strike's existence, but actually the country should ring with protest from one ocean to the other at what is happening.

The cold facts reveal that America's

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big manufacturers are withholding mass production, stymieing reconversion for a number of reasons that bode no good to the common man. The men of wealth, callously and studiously interrupting output, are creating havoc among the families of labor, adding thousands of returning soldiers to the jobless lists, and are reducing purchasing power drastically, to the detriment of all small businessmen and professional groups. Industry's sit-down strike is reflected in the hard-bitten reluctance of manufacturers to discuss wages at the current labor-management conference in Washington; it is a basic factor in the provocative attitude of Benjamin Fairless, head of US Steel, in refusing to bargain collectively with the United Steelworkers, and accounts for the freeze in negotiations between the motor magnates and the United Automobile Workers-CIO. It is scandalous that only 19,000 automobiles have come off General Motor's assembly lines in Detroit since V-J Day.

The facts are these: many industrialists are withholding production until the first of 1946 in the expectation that taxes will be lowered and profits increased accordingly; others are putting the screws on OPA to grant price rises, and still others hope that the anti-price control bloc in Congress will force OPA to abandon most price ceilings in the near future. C. F. Hughes, financial writer for the *New York Times*, states in the November 11 issue that "the indictment of OPA [by big business] is one that will be repeated with even greater vehemence to abandon most price ceilings in the near future."

Meanwhile, industry is slashing wages by creating a large pool of jobless who will compete with one another for jobs.

The evidence of all this is fairly abundant in the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Wall Street Journal*. Mr. Hughes writes further: "In the radio set industry, for instance, leading makers report what amounts to a 'management sit-down' by major suppliers which has been holding down assemblies to a minimum. . . . Tax winnings and price possibilities are the advantages desired through the sitdown." And this is merely scratching the surface: a glance at the *Herald Tribune's* financial page of September 7 would inform the harassed consumer that washing machine manufacturers are on a sitdown in order to win a fifteen percent price rise. Pending the outcome of this campaign, most washing machine companies "have decided against turning out any units.

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Munich Policies in Palestine

THERE are a host of issues connected with the Palestine controversy. The two most important are (1) the need to rescue European Jews from another cruel winter by allowing them to enter Palestine without restrictions and (2) the eventual status of Palestine itself. And interlarded between these questions are the issues of Anglo-American imperialism in the Near East and the need to extirpate completely fascist ideology from the Continent so that Jews can live there on a level of equality without fear of persecution. These issues are of course intimately related, but the paramount question at the moment is the rescue of the Jews and their admission to Palestine. From that point of view the Truman-Attlee agreement acknowledges a tragic emergency but actually solves nothing. It is merely another instrument to delay abrogation of the discriminatory British White Paper by setting up a commission of inquiry to investigate conditions among Jews in Europe as well as among Jews and Arabs in Palestine. There is a patent hypocrisy in this procedure because there have been at least a half dozen such inquiries in the past with none of them leading to a solution. President Truman needs no additional information to tell him what conditions among Jews in Europe are like. The Harrison report is a detailed description of these conditions and it was made available to the British government as well. Nor is the approval of the Arabs necessary to save the lives of European Jews. What is imperative immediately is to lift all emigration restrictions into Palestine and for that so-called inquiries are as necessary as the need to inquire whether Hitler was anti-Semitic or not. As things stand at present the Labor government in London will continue the Chamberlain policy—the policy which the Labor Party when it was not in power supposedly fought in Parliament when it committed itself to action against the White Paper.

It would have also been a generous gesture on Mr. Truman's part to declare that American shores are open to European Jews who might wish to come here. As it is the White House as part of its general anti-coalition policy gives moral support to the British position—a position that can only result in continued violence in the Near East. The fact of the matter is that like the British, American imperialists also have their eyes on the vast oil resources of the Arab domains and they too fear a democratic settlement of outstanding issues. The status of Palestine can only be democratically determined by the Allied coalition as a whole. As long as the coalition is being jeopardized by atomic power politics, Palestine will be kicked around with the British using the Arab League to heighten unrest and to keep the peoples of the Near and Middle East divided. Reports from such correspondents as I. F. Stone of *PM* and Constantine Poulos of the Overseas News Agency indicate that Jews and Arabs live peaceably side by side and that it is British intervention that creates the difficulties which the British in turn use to forestall a democratic solution of Palestine's future.

The companies that have already reconverted and are manufacturing units . . . will put their products in the hands of dealers for display purposes only. . . ." The *Wall Street Journal*, September 20, announced that one manufacturer of fine furniture "has a new line of oak pieces ready to introduce next January, but he won't take any orders until the Office of Price Administration agrees

to a ceiling that will let him operate profitably."

In the past few days, several unions have focussed attention upon the sabotage of reconversion by big business. The CIO Longshoreman's and Warehouseman's Union has highlighted industry's sitdown on the Coast; the United Electrical Workers' director of organization, James J. Matles, has

charged that electrical appliances available for Christmas buying will run about twenty-five percent below what might have been in America's stores if industry had not pursued a "hold-up" policy in manufacturing and distribution.

These instances can be multiplied *ad infinitum*. *Bread and Butter*, weekly publication of Consumers Union, hits the nail squarely when it warns that

"The industry strike is all the more dangerous because it is under cover and the general public hardly knows about it. But unless this sitdown by industry is curbed by the government and public opinion, it can seriously aggravate existing reconversion strains and set off large-scale inflationary rises in prices."

NEW MASSES urges its readers to get busy on this score. These facts should be brought to the attention of organiza-

tions, community associations—resolutions should be passed and sent to the appropriate authorities. Otherwise, big business, greedy to a point that imperils the future of our nation, will be able to carry through its nefarious designs. These facts, brought before the public's eye, should elicit such a storm of protest that the government will adopt the necessary remedies to safeguard our country's welfare.

IT'S STILL BLACKMAIL

IN ADDITION to everything else, it emerges clearly from the Truman-Attlee communique that in Washington last week a *de facto* atomic alliance was formed to run the world according to the moral and political precepts of Anglo-American imperialists. Thus, in a moment when statesmanship of the highest and most democratic caliber was called for to settle an issue that strikes the deepest fear in the heart of mankind, the Hooverized Democrat, Truman, and the Torified Laborite, Attlee, came forth with an atomic plan that in its practical effects will be as destructive as the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Let no one be misled by the platitudes that encase the hard core of this new project. *There was one problem alone that had to be met: turning the bomb over, along with the process of its production, to the jurisdiction of the United Nations Organization.* That was not done, and all the pious hoopla cannot obscure this fundamental fact on which all judgments must be based.

Instead of a forthright statement to the effect that the UNO will become the custodian of the bomb, or perhaps an intermediate declaration that the Big Three must meet to negotiate the issue, the world is given an ultimatum that all powers which will not subscribe to Anglo-American political morality will be kept on tenterhooks until they do. What other interpretation can be given to the Truman-Attlee communique whose central point insists that specialized information on the practical use of atomic energy—and this can only be read in the context of present events as meaning the method of making the bomb—cannot be spread until safeguards acceptable to them are reached? The actual communique reads "safeguards acceptable to all nations," but what nations beyond the participants in the Washington conference were consulted? This is a one-sided decision which not even the purely advisory nature of the proposed UNO commission on atomic energy can change—a commission, incidentally, whose procedure and work are mapped out exclusively by Truman and Attlee.

There is behind this blackmail tactic the assumption that only the United States and Great Britain are morally prepared to protect the interests of world peace. What bitter and heartbreaking irony! In the very week Truman and Attlee met, American marines, American materiel, American diplomatic power were intervening in China to foment a war against its most democratic forces. From Germany came the news that American experts who went there "to smash German cartels and such excessive concentration of economic power as I. G. Farben and to hunt down and confiscate the Reich's hidden foreign assets, have been

relegated by the War and State Departments to an investigative and advisory role." (New York Times, November 16.) Not a word is said by the White House or the State Department against the Colmer House Committee which, after visiting the Soviet Union and other countries, issued a report that in effect would make colonies of independent countries in need of American financial assistance. And as for Mr. Attlee himself, while he was conferring with Mr. Truman on how to use atomic energy for world "peace," British troops were atomizing with steel and fire the independence forces of Indonesia.

SUCH is the structure of hypocrisy on which the Truman-Attlee communique rests and such are the ethics that guide their thinking. They are generous men. They are willing to share basic atomic research with other countries when all other countries that have a university laboratory are already completely familiar with the fundamentals of nuclear physics. They, Truman and Attlee, insist that they have no desire to monopolize the atom. They could not even if they wanted to. There is one thing the big boys of the capitalist world will never be able to do and that is to trustify the neutron, or the proton, or the mesotron. There are not enough banks and strong boxes to hold them. Short of destroying all matter itself—and matter is indestructible—the atom cannot belong to anyone. What a blow that little fact must be to the money grubbers.

And now they have also announced that there is no defense against the atom bomb. But there is a defense. The defense is right under Messrs. Truman's and Attlee's noses. It cannot be found in a cyclotron or a test tube. And it is our guess that they know what that defense is, but in order to use it they will have to forego practices and principles which mean the end of their private and exclusive atomic alliance.

The defense against the atom bomb lies in preventing war, and a particularly horrible form of war—atomic war. Without a coalition to prevent war, without the Soviet Union included on an equal basis, there will be no security or peace. That is where the race with time comes in. For every day in which the United States drifts farther and farther away from friendship with the USSR and from a policy of collective security is a day closer to another global tragedy. Mutual confidence is being split asunder by atomic power politics. And that confidence cannot be restored without internationalizing the bomb, not because this single act alone will solve all outstanding problems, but because no other problems can be met until this one is solved.

READERS' FORUM

New Orleans Neighbors

TO NEW MASSES: New Orleans saw some old bogies thoroughly deflated this week of November 5, when over 600 citizens, Negro and white, turned out to an evening session of the Institute of Race Relations on "The Good Neighbor at Home," currently sponsored by Tulane, Loyola, Xavier, and Dillard Universities. Sessions are held in the buildings of the YWCA and YMHA.

While the audience—each carrying a chair—moved with sober elation to a larger hall, the YMHA gymnasium, we learned that "optimists had expected an attendance of perhaps 200." It was clear that the size and makeup of the audience did away with the much-bewailed "public apathy" bogey, for there were liberals and labor, and some not so liberal, and some who never had to labor. And the ease with which arbitrary seating rules were ignored, just wiped Jim. (Scare) Crow out as with a sponge. One felt the kind of relief that correspondents say they felt on getting out of lands run by Hitlerism.

The chairman, Rabbi Emil W. Leipsiger, told how the New Orleans Council on Race Relations, which is directing the Institute, was formed by the Council of Social Agencies.

NM readers may recall that right in the middle of the war an ugly rumor flew about shipyards here, causing workers to be searched for guns, and scaring folk half to death. This attempt of some hidden handful to impede the war effort by creating racial tension was stopped short, mainly by quick action of Negro leaders in all fields—labor, church, fraternal, business and scholastic—in winning the cooperation of the city administration. The mayor published a denial of the existence of any friction, and a warning about sabotage by rumors. Good unionists did their share in exposing the lies to the workers and guards. The scare died. But citizens took warning and formed the council which is now introducing its program to the public. The statement, as read by Rabbi Leipsiger, may interest other communities:

"More and more, it is being recognized that there is need of a better adjustment of the relations between the white and Negro sections of our population. In many communities, men of good will of both races are working together to study the problem involved, and with courage and mutual understanding are seeking solutions which shall preserve and express the spirit of American democracy. As one of the largest cities in the South, New Orleans desires to participate in this constructive endeavor. To this end,

we, who are citizens of New Orleans, associate ourselves. We wish to provide an opportunity for the full and free discussion by persons of both races of the desired ends of interracial collaboration, and to discover particular ways of making such collaboration effective.

"We are of the opinion that our program must be concerned with those problems which have been agreed upon by groups of Negro and white leaders of the South, namely: problems involving political and civil rights, industry and labor, service occupation, education, social welfare and health, and cultural opportunities.

"Towards the satisfactory solution of some of these problems, present cooperative action is contemplated. Towards the solution of others, thorough study and long time planning will be required.

"We recognize that there is a challenge to the leadership in our community—to the white leadership—to find ways to achieve mutual confidence and to promote cooperative action; to the Negro leadership, to sense the difficulties involved in the attainment of the goal of justice."

Dr. Ira Reid, professor of sociology, Atlanta University, the principal speaker, said that not only do Negroes lack full citizenship, but also Indians, Chinese, Japanese, people in the Pacific who are our allies, and the Spanish-Americans we call Mexicans, though not all are Mexican.

Inequalities are doomed, said Dr. Reid, because groups such as the Southern Negro Youth Congress are acting, because we in the South are no longer depending on those outside the South to do the job for us.

Clark Foreman, president of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, scored our failure in 1919 to combat the revival of the KKK, which spread its hatred over Negroes, Jews and Catholics. Foreman told of the first meeting of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, when an unexpected 2,000 came to Birmingham from all over the South, and turned aside attempts to break them up through discrimination. Since then, the SCHW only meets where guaranteed no discrimination, has had consistent support of CIO, AFL and Brotherhoods. During the war there were no conventions, but state committees have been formed in thirteen Southern states.

A girl student from Dillard, a high school boy from Philadelphia, a local Jewish leader and the head of a local Negro organization, contributed to the discussion which followed

the speeches. Interest was shown in the possibility of forming a Louisiana committee of the Southern Conference of Human Welfare.

ELIZABETH COUSINS ROGERS.

New Orleans.

Tito's People

TO NEW MASSES: Now that the war is over, our country tries to forget the sufferings of war. Luckily, we are able to forget; our homes were not bombed, our villages were not burned, our crops were not ruined. We have enough to eat and to wear, and most of us have roofs over our heads.

This is not the case in the Europe that was occupied by the Germans. It is certainly not the case in Yugoslavia. The story of that country's magnificent resistance to fascism has already been told, and our people have responded generously. We, the undersigned, saw that resistance first hand. We saw American fliers rescued by Yugoslav Partisans, who gave their own lives in the process. We saw these Partisans fight against overwhelming odds, not only for themselves but for us.

Now they need help. They face a bitter winter and they have no clothes. They do not beg for clothes. They do not beg for anything. But they need clothing desperately.

We can help them. We can give what spare clothing we have to the American Committee for Yugoslav Relief, 235 East 11th St., New York. This is not a political matter. It is a matter of humanity and simple gratitude on our part for what these people have done. We should be grateful that we are in a position to help them, because nothing that we do now for them can repay even half of what they have already done for us.

WALTER BERNSTEIN.

LOUIS HUOT.

RICHARD WITKIN.

JAMES A. DOLAN, JR.

ELI DRAPKIN.

New York.

Politics and Adjustment

TO NEW MASSES: I can approach the subject of "What Psychoanalysis Can Do" as a layman only, and at that not objectively, as at present I am undergoing psychoanalysis and can only have a subjective approach to the problem. However, let me tell you a little of why at twenty-two I went to a psychiatrist. During the war period I learned about unions and socialism and what racial prejudices really are. I embraced it all eagerly, studied hard and entered a world of truths I had never known, assumed leadership in my union and became as integrated a progressive politically as it is possible to become for a young woman of medium intelligence from a bourgeois background entering the movement during the period of "revisionism."

In the beginning I wanted all I could get from trade unionism. It gave me satisfaction, happiness and afforded a medium of expression. Then I reached the point of understanding.

(Continued on page 27)



USSR AND AMERICAN PUBLISHING

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

WHAT is prejudice? In practice it is the preference of the minority. The preferences of the powerful are "truths."

I was made aware of this again when I returned from a visit to the Soviet Union in 1938. I thought it should not be hard to find a publisher for a book of impressions covering a year and a half in that land of enigma. And, in fact, it was not hard to find publishers to talk to. They had assumed that the purpose of a visit to the Soviet Union was to return profitably "disillusioned." They were rather startled to find that the visit had confirmed me in my "prejudices."

The gentlemen whom I saw were urbane people. They were convinced that their minds were open, and their hearts clean of bias. They had a touching affection for the word "objectivity." As applied to this specific instance I discovered that "objectivity" required repudiation of Soviet achievements as grubby material gains secured at great spiritual loss; and that it would oblige me to deny Soviet democracy and Soviet cultural advances. When I made it clear that I could not deliver such "objectivity" the conferences ended in what poetic language calls "an atmosphere of cordiality."

I was to learn that liberal editors had rather similar standards of "objectivity." For one liberal magazine I prepared an article on Soviet literature only to have it returned as too favorably "prejudiced."

The same journal printed, soon after, a long article vilifying, by implication, one of the most interesting of Soviet publishing ventures, the republication, in the original and in Russian and other translations, of the classics of the non-Russian peoples. The author of the article was a White Russian with a proudly proclaimed anti-Soviet bias; therefore to accept an article by him was "objective."

"OBJECTIVITY" and "prejudice" are not the only concepts that undergo mutation at touch of that potent new political element, the first

socialist state. Even "respectability" changes its nature.

For example, who should be more respectable than a Dean of Canterbury? Yet, when a Dean of Canterbury affirmed Soviet socialism to be the closest approximation of Christian ideals attained in man-made institutions, his respectability disappeared in parson-respecting America. That Dean's book, *The Soviet Power*, was turned down by the "big" respectable publishers. If reviewed at all in the "big" press, the assignment was given to Trotskyite or Social Democratic reviewers who, at best, dismissed the Dean condescendingly as a sort of holy idiot.

Not long afterwards the anti-Communist and anti-Soviet *Out of the Night* appeared. The author, as could easily be verified, was an ex-convict, jailed for a holdup. By the statements in his own book, he had had connections with the Gestapo. Originally announced as fiction, the book was subsequently marketed as non-fiction. And, as it turned out, the author was only approximately the author. It was later publicly acknowledged that the anti-Soviet Isaac Don Levine had had his smeary hand in the concoction.

Obviously none of these things could be unknown to the publishers, or to the Book-of-the-Month Club judges and officials, who do not live in such Olympian innocence. The ex-convict became respectable, and respectable journals that had ignored or Bronx-cheered the Dean saw greatness in the literary night-soil with which *Reader's Digest* and the Book-of-the-Month Club fertilized our anti-Soviet garden.

THE ethics of book reviewing in New York can scarcely be viewed with pride. One minimal rule, however, has been observed. Editors seldom, knowingly, turn over a book to an enemy of the author or its thesis. But even that minimal rule does not apply to a pro-Soviet book. In that case, the more notorious the reviewer's hostility, the higher his status as an "authority." And the closer the reviewer approaches the gunman's technique, in literary terms,

the greater the appreciation of his authority.

Recent literary history is crowded with examples; I select, because it is the testimony of a victim, the open letter by Joachim Joesten, author of *What Russia Wants*. NEW MASSES, which ran it in Readers' Forum, was one of the few periodicals which printed it. Since its relevance continues, and readers may have missed it—I print it here again.

Open Letter to Messrs. Louis Fischer, William Henry Chamberlin, Bertram D. Wolfe, et al.

GENTLEMEN of the Anti-Soviet Book Club: When I wrote *What Russia Wants*, I naturally expected criticism. No one who writes about Russia can hope to meet with approval only, even if he did a masterpiece, which I certainly do not pretend my book is. So I fully expected critical reviews—but at the same time fair ones.

I got such reviews, scores of them, in Washington, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, San Francisco, and in dozens of other cities. But not in New York. Here, books on Russia are not reviewed by ordinary critics with normal reactions and common sense. They fall, invariably, into the hands of your type—the so-called experts.

That you know Russia, I do not dispute. But when it comes to appraising Soviet foreign policy, its aims and its motives, you just can't see straight. Blinded by an unreasoning hatred of Stalin, you can see no good in anything Russia does, nor justice in anything Russia wants. If I had written a book sowing hatred and distrust of Russia at every turn, you would have extolled it as you do with all the works written by one of your own clique. But an honest attempt to tell the truth about Russia, to make the American people understand and esteem their most powerful ally, is more than you can stand.

So you call me an "apologist" of the Kremlin. You say that I give Stalin "the benefit of every doubt." It is characteristic of your like-mindedness and limitations that each of these phrases has been used by at least two of you.

Not that I mind very much what you say about me or my book. But I do mind the monopoly you exercise in New York, literary hub of the country. Your little clique of prejudiced and embittered "hangback boys" has cornered the reviewers' market in this city as effectively as any ring of traders or politicians ever did. You are the *Times* and the

Herald Tribune. You set the tone in the literary magazines. Whoever ventures to write about Russia must run the gauntlet of your vicious prejudices. It is time to speak out against a monopoly so unfair and so harmful to the public interest.

THE standard accusation against the cultural Left has been its disregard or mishandling of literary values for political motives. That charge, it must be admitted, has been too frequently earned. But the accusers are excellent examples of beam-in-the-eye discoverers of motes in other eyes. For the outrages on literary values committed on the Right are fantastic in their extent and scorn of scruple. They lack even the justification of passion. They are committed in cold blood.

The *New Yorker* management, as knowing a set as can be found in the metropolis, cannot have been unaware of Mr. Edmund Wilson's state of mind when they turned over the book pages to him. Apparently they thought that the entertainment to be got from witty vivisections of the Left would excuse any incidental violations of decency. But Mr. Wilson disappointed them. He was merely barbarous, not witty. And, if reports are to be believed, distress ensued in the *New Yorker* office. Readers did not relish having criticism in its pages reduced to the Fundamentalist level on which anti-Soviet writers automatically became saints and pro-Soviet writers Satans.

To me the final shock came with Wilson's review of Leonid Leonov's *Road to the Ocean*. This extraordinary novel whose mere existence, like Sholokhov's novels, confounds all the slanders against Soviet culture, was a hard test for the anti-Soviet critic. Mr. Wilson met it by the simple expedient of misrepresenting it and then indicting his misrepresentation. With that performance a lingering respect for Mr. Wilson, earned by his former writings, finally died in me.

As I have noted, *The Road to the Ocean* was a general challenge to anti-Soviet critics. Mr. Francis Hackett, in his daily *New York Times* column, met it by misrepresenting it, like Wilson. But he was much clumsier and his attack was so confused as to sound, in some paragraphs, like gibberish. In the Sunday *New York Times Book Review* the renegade left-wing poet, Kenneth Fearing, who has turned from his excellent poetry to feeble mystery novels and feebler criticism, dismissed the *Road to the Ocean* as an unsuccessful adventure yarn. In the *Nation's* Trotskyite

book department, the reviewer complained of its length, acknowledged that she had left the book unfinished and hoped her readers got what that implied. In the Trotskyite pages of *Time Magazine* there was total silence.

The moral of what I have written above is that we can put as little trust in the scruple for truth and the cultural standards of the capitalist publishing apparatus as in the internationalism of our capitalist State Department. Capitalist publishing is, of course, not all of a piece. There are varying degrees of liberalism and cultural conscience in the different houses. And all of them are responsive both to the chances of profit in an occasional book sympathetic to the Soviet Union, and to the pressures of indignant readers.

THE basic reality is the deep and abiding interest in the Soviet Union. The capitalist dilemma is that attempts to evade or confuse that interest only succeed in keeping it in ferment.

When the Dean of Canterbury's book was turned down by the big houses, that appeared to be a killing stroke; when the big review mediums ignored it or ridiculed it, that appeared to be the finishing stroke. But the American interest in the Soviet Union was too great and, in one form or another, a million or more copies were circulated.

There, and in the large circulation in obscure left-wing media of other books dealing with Soviet subjects, books by Corliss Lamont, Kournakoff, Ward and others, is the evidence that pro-Soviet books can be circulated. The larger the left-wing audience gathered together in progressive book shops, book clubs and magazines, the better the chances to impose minimal standards of decency,

in this field, on the American publishing apparatus.

The same vigor, in its polemic aspects, has had valuable effect. The exposes of *Out of the Night* and of the lying *Report on Russia* by William L. White helped to discredit all who were involved in promoting that filth. It helped instill a salutary skepticism in the American public and to keep it alert for the truth.

The anti-Soviet propaganda through books that faces us in the days ahead can be met. We have ample experience from the past to draw upon.

Jews in Crisis

A PARTISAN GUIDE TO THE JEWISH PROBLEM, by Milton Steinberg. Bobbs Merrill. \$3.

IF EVER the Jewish people needed to think through their predicament "scientifically," it is now. Everyone knows that the military defeat of fascism has not of itself saved either the Jews or democracy, but has only offered an opportunity for salvation.

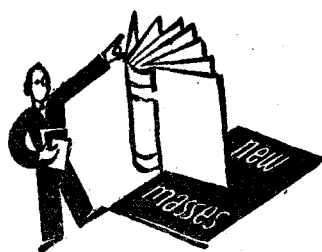
Out of the voluminous discussion of the Jewish crisis Rabbi Steinberg's attempt at an objective and comprehensive survey emerges as an outstanding and serious book. Although he approaches the problem with passionate sensitivity, he has tried to prevent passion from beclouding his analysis.

The author posits "twelve cardinal propositions" for dealing with immediate global Jewish issues, among them the necessity for relief, public and private, for some time to come; the abrogation of all racial and anti-Semitic legislation everywhere, and international sanction of Jewish rights; recovery of civil status of Jews displaced by fascism; minority status for Jews; recognition of the desire of European Jews to emigrate and systematic aid in this emigration to Palestine and elsewhere. Following this program, the author takes up in turn the crucial problems facing the Jews today. He poses the issues of the preservation of Judaism; he analyzes the elements of anti-Semitism. On the pressing issue of Jewish unity Rabbi Steinberg makes an important contribution. It is unfortunate, however, that Rabbi Steinberg does not accord adequate recognition to the important trade union segment of the Jewish community.

The book hits hard at the popular fallacy, unfortunately widespread among Jews as well as anti-Semites, that alleged bad characteristics of Jews are responsible for anti-Semitism, which would be mitigated if only Jews "im-



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proved" themselves. "These folk pro-
grams," says Rabbi Steinberg, show "a
staggering naivete as to the true causes
of anti-Semitism." He argues for mak-
ing anti-Semitism or any racial incite-
ment a crime, and shows the untenabil-
ity of the "civil liberties" opposition to
this measure. He further indicates,
though all too briefly, that greater eco-
nomic security and strengthening of the
democratic order are essential to the re-
moval of anti-Semitism.

Though acknowledging the "great
progress" made in the Soviet Union
towards elimination of anti-Semitism,
Rabbi Steinberg attempts to refute the
Marxist view that "economics" is "the
cause [of anti-Semitism], all other in-
fluences being secondary and deriva-
tive." He states that not only the "Soviet
economy" is responsible for the admira-
ble Soviet handling of the issue, but also
"influences like education and fear of
the policeman," as if they were sepa-
rate from Soviet economy. One won-
ders why, as a serious scholar, Rabbi
Steinberg does not analyze at greater
length the Soviet success against anti-
Semitism, since its quite unprecedented
character can shed light on the whole
question.

Rabbi Steinberg's discussion of Zion-
ism is interesting, but inadequate on the
role of British imperialism. He warns
the Gentile that anti-Semitism in the
long run will turn out to be a "prelude
to the suppression of your Christianity."
He urges the Jews to have done for-
ever with "hush-hush" in any form;
every last anti-Semitic outbreak should
be fought in the open. He points out
that the Jews are not a race, since they
have been "from the beginning of mixed
ethnic origin." The Jews are not ex-
clusively a religious communion, but a
culture group as well. Neither does he
believe that the Jews constitute a "na-
tion," in a view which approximates the
idea of the nation expounded by Stalin,
since Jews over the world have no
single political allegiance. The Jews in
Palestine, says Rabbi Steinberg, "con-
stitute in aspiration and actuality a
nation in the process of maturation." All
Jews, however, by virtue of their com-
mon religious and cultural heritage, do
constitute a "people."

This brilliant book presents no new
or original theses, but is an interesting
and helpful guide to the labyrinth of
contemporary problems. Despite some
disagreements, this reviewer believes that
the American Jewish community must
ponder this book with the greatest
seriousness.

LOUIS HARAP.

Young World Books

CLIMBING OUR FAMILY TREE: How Living
Things Change and Develop, by Alex Novi-
koff. Illustrated by John English. Interna-
tional. \$1.85.

HOW THE AUTOMOBILE LEARNED TO RUN,
by M. Ilin. Pictures by Herbert Kruckman.
International. \$1.25.

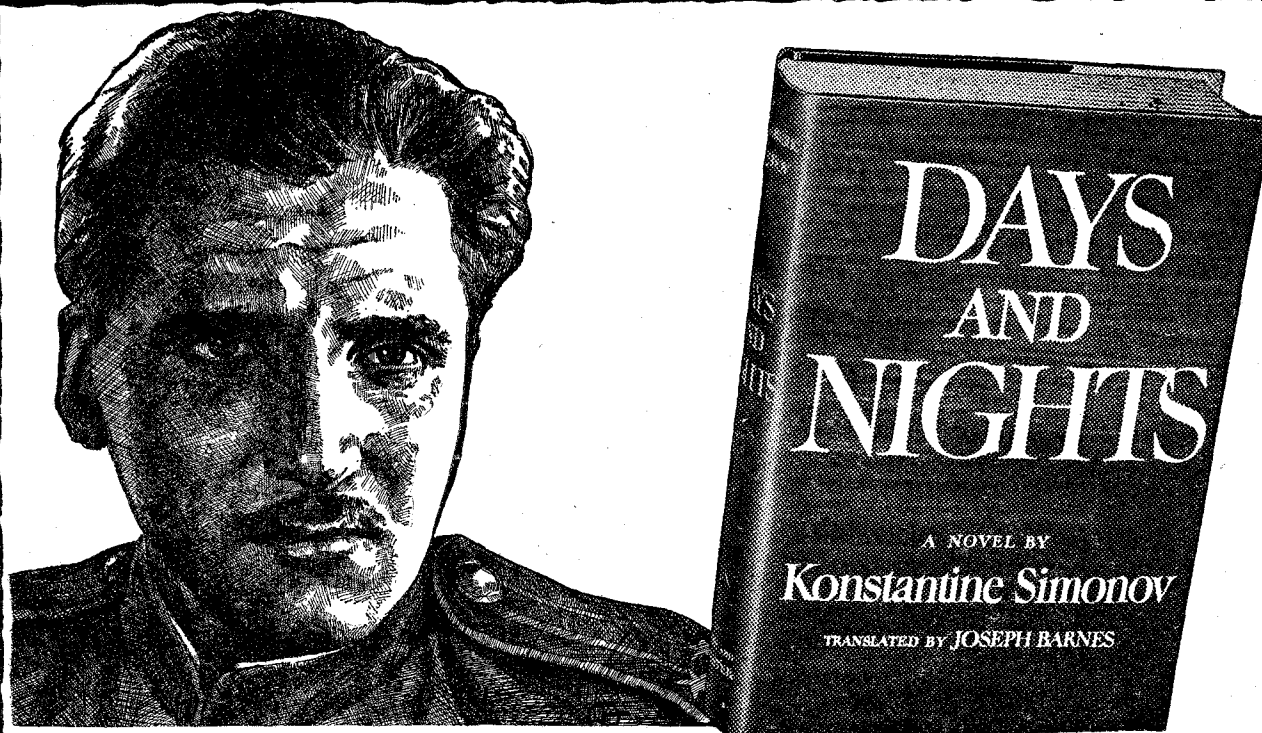
SWAMP FOX BRIGADE: Adventures with Gen-
eral Francis Marion's Guerrillas, by Eric
Lucas. Illustrated by Julian Brazelton. In-
ternational. \$1.85.

REUNION IN POLAND, by Jean Karsavina.
Drawings by Lynd Ward. International.
\$1.85.

THIS fall International Publishers,
long dedicated to serious books
which cast new meaning on our world,
launched a juvenile publishing program
to "open the door to a wide world of
ideas that will help the young readers
of today to become the good citizens of
tomorrow." Under the series title
Young World Books, they are designed
to answer questions young people have
about the world today and to equip them
to play their part in achieving a better
world.

Climbing Our Family Tree, written
by Alex Novikoff, instructor in biology
at Brooklyn College, is the engaging
story of the change and development of
living things—from "the first blob of
stuff that formed the first cell" to the
intricacies of modern man. In it is the
case for evolution: the mass of evidence
unearthed by generations of scientists,
linking living things of all time. And
the challenge of evolution: the adapta-
tion of living things to a changing
world, or extinction. Also the implica-
tions of evolution, as the author ex-
presses them: "Man's strength is not
just in his ability to work with tools, but
also in his ability to work, live and plan
with his fellows. The more men work
and plan together, the richer their lives
become." Armed with this unique and
exciting demonstration of how change
takes place, youngsters have a method of
sorting the multitude of facts they are
continually absorbing. Enthusiasm and
humor fill the text, which is made addi-
tionally graphic by the numerous and
vivid illustrations by John English.

The charming and masterful Soviet
children's writer, Ilin, has sketched
man's efforts to stretch the distance his
legs can cover on ground in *How the
Automobile Learned to Run*. Here is
the grandmother of the automobile and
locomotive: Cugnot's firecart "which
moved with such force it was impossible
to steer it" in prerevolutionary France.
and steam coaches with feet and wheel
together, and even steampipes. An ear



—Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

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Konstantine Simonov

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—GERALD W. JOHNSON,
New York Times Book Review

"When a book raises your spirit and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, it is good and made by a good workman. *Days and Nights* is a good book made by a good workman. It is a touchingly simple love story. And so well has Simonov written his tale that he purveys the gift of hope."

—ERNESTINE EVANS,
New York Herald Tribune Book Review

"The finest of the Russian novels to reach us."

—LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald Tribune*

"The triumphant success of this book is easy to understand. It is an intense, dramatic, and intimately authentic account of action in one of the most momentous battles of history. It is significant as an expression of Russian emotion about Russia's greatest victory."

—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *The New York Times*

"It is undoubtedly one of the finest modern novels about men and women at war. Threaded through it are the epic heroism of 'War and Peace,' the tender poignancy and sharp reality of 'A Farewell to Arms.' The heroic characters are as honest, as recognizable, and as universal in their own way as Mauldin's Willie and Joe."

—RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH, *The Chicago Sun*

"'Days and Nights' thrills the reader like the rolling drums of Chopin's Funeral March."

—WILLIAM MCFEE, *New York Sun*

As these reviews show, *Days and Nights* is being greeted as the greatest novel to come out of the Soviet Union. In Russia it sold more than 400,000 copies. It has just been published in the United States, in a splendid translation by Joseph Barnes. The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen *Days and Nights* as its November selection.

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struggle against technical advances, the contest between the stage coaches and the steam coaches, is retold with zest. Stephenson's first railroad has its place in the story too. And from the early models of the automobile itself we emerge to the jeeps and tanks which rolled over the battlefields of the world. Herbert Kruckman captures the high spirit of the text in his jolly, colorful drawings. Mechanically-minded youngsters will get from this book a lively understanding of how men have succeeded in adapting the machine to their social and physical needs.

Swamp Fox Brigade, by Eric Lucas, is an absorbing adventure story drawn from the American heritage of freedom. It centers about Seth, youngest soldier and ablest scout in General Francis Marion's guerrilla brigade which fought in South Carolina during the American Revolution. His was "a raw militia, half armed clodhoppers, dwelling in swamps," but on their homespun shirts were silver crescents shining with the words, "Liberty or Death!" Among the most memorable of Seth's adventures is his encounter with a young Cherokee warrior on the American side and his discovery of a wounded Negro, one of a "sprinkling of farmfolk" who joined the fight against tyranny. Julian Brazelton's sketches convey something of their rugged struggle.

Reunion in Poland, by Jean Karsavina, herself born in Poland, brings these books into the world where life is being rebuilt. This is the first book for young people to grapple with the complex personal and political problems of European reconstruction. It follows Wanda Gorska, her father, and a party of friends, "swallows flying home," to the makeshift capital of Lublin, just after last Christmas. Battle scars are everywhere and sabotage is not yet over, but they take up life again. While waiting for strands of information that will lead to her Partisan mother and Bolek, almost her brother, Wanda busies herself with a nursery. She learns something of the trials of the people at home from her steel-tempered roommate, and meets a group of artists who managed to produce during the occupation. One gives Wanda the first clue to Bolek's whereabouts. In time Wanda and her father reach Warsaw, and from its shambles they move to the devastated countryside. But the great landed estates are being divided, and blue, "the color of hope" is apparent. This forthright and stirring picture of Poland in rebirth, based on first-hand accounts and documents, will be of value to any reader.

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Lynd Ward has captured the tenderness and longing embedded in the story in the sensitive drawings which open each chapter.

CLARA OSTROWSKY.

Readers' Forum

(Continued from page 21)

ing that the progressive movement depends in large part on what we make it. Just how well we translate scientific facts into day-to-day action, just so effective we will be in attaining democracy.

And so I took myself out of mothballs and discovered the same emotional insecurity, the same seething unrest that I had been battling since I can remember and had not paid attention to for a while. And now since intellectually I have become equipped to know happiness, I want to be a well-adjusted, emotionally balanced person to enjoy it and even to make a small contribution toward a better world; this is the result I hope to achieve through psychoanalysis.

Dr. Wortis, our progressive movement is not where people come to make emotional adjustments. All the political and logical theory in the world cannot accomplish that permanently. Our movement needs healthy, well-adjusted people in its ranks, just as sure as we are that this better world will not come through "liberals" but will come through day-to-day action of the masses based upon scientific understanding. S. A. S. Brooklyn.

TO NEW MASSES: Allow me to express my gratitude for your publishing the two recent articles by J. B. Furst on the psychoanalytic question [NM, October 30 and November 6], which I hope were read by all the people in the progressive movement who are unfortunately under the influence of wrong conceptions and information concerning psychiatry and psychoanalysis. These misconceptions were pretty completely summed up in the Wortis articles, which contained all the errors, confusions and misinformation one hears too often among people who are politically progressive, but who too frequently tend to link or compare Freudianism with Marxism, resulting in such erroneous arguments as that the bases of all neuroses are economic or financial, that the best cure for psychological ailments is in cooperative efforts in political movements, etc. As a matter of fact the best workers in any phase of the progressive movements are those who are the best adjusted and in the best mental health. As for Wortis' point that the psychoanalysts seek a cure for their patients on the basis of the existing society, one cannot disagree on this at all—but how can a cure be possible on this basis unless they all become members of progressive organizations, which, as Furst points out, would be tolerating left-wing sectarianism in psychiatry? Would the only other solution be to have all neurotics take up residence in the Soviet Union? Hardly! New York.

D. G.

NM November 27, 1945

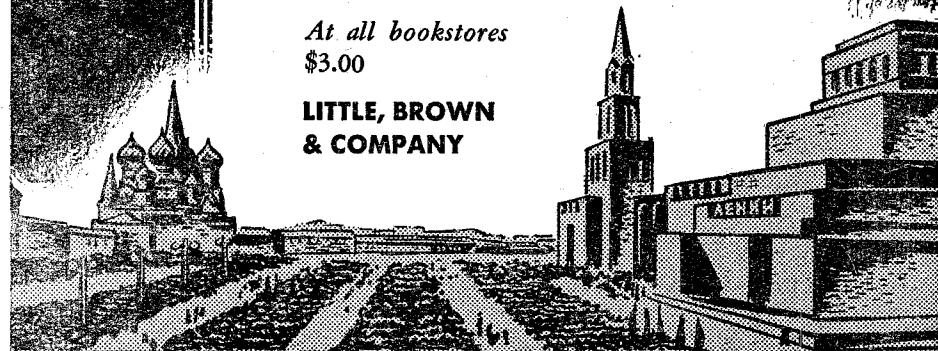
I SAW THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

by
Ella Winter

Ella Winter went back to Russia to learn what had happened to daily life in the Soviet Union. The result is a warm-hearted introduction to the Soviet citizens and an exciting account of one woman's experiences in the homes, farms and shops, the theaters, courts, and schools, of the country which gave so much of its strength to defeat the common enemy.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

CHILDREN OF WAR

By JOSEPH FOSTER

WHILE Swiss officials were weighting neutrality in favor of the Nazis, Swiss workmen were contributing ideas and money to help evacuate French children from the war areas. This is told in a semi-documentary, semi-dramatic Swiss film, *Marie Louise* (Little Carnegie).

Marie Louise of Rouen is symbolic of the millions of children whose education in horror began with the first bombings of civilian centers. She forgets how to smile, and the mere sound of an airplane motor drops her into a pit of unplumbed terror. Her baby brother is killed, her home demolished, her father made prisoner, her mother driven to desperation. Against this background, her evacuation to the Swiss Alps, beautifully photographed, is invested with profound drama. Lazar Wechsler, a knowing Swiss documentarian, handles the problem of mental rehabilitation well. He poses the serenity of the mountain refuge against the exploding war-caught cities, a contrast that typifies the attitudes of the children before and after evacuation.

Paralleling this display of therapeutic generosity, the film presents an argument against the three months' rotation plan, the return of every child at the end of three months to make room for another. In the light of years of war, such a short respite from its agonies proved negligible. In a well-directed sequence Marie Louise, recalling the misery she had so recently escaped, refuses to go back. She slips from the train at a wayside stop, and by following the tracks all night, makes it back to her benefactors at Lausanne.

The cast is composed chiefly of refugee children who impart a natural tone to the film. They are well directed and act with delightful unselfconsciousness. Even the child professional actors behave naturally, and are not bogged down by showoff lines; they do not ask questions only adults would think of; and at no time do they become "cute."

THE feature of the Paramount at this writing is Frank Sinatra, in person. I went during the dinner hour, calculat-

ing that that was the time when the bobby-sockers are supposed to be home. But they defy the scientific approach. Sinatra fans stay through at least two, and often three shows, and time is non-existent. I was able to view the proceedings from the arm of a chair, Sinatra's audience leaning far forward in its seats and making the filching of an arm relatively simple.

Frankie's act, aside from a couple of songs, consists in appealing to the kids to go home. He deglamorizes himself by describing his own children. He asks them to be fair and let other sockers, waiting on line for hours, see the show. He describes in detail what he is going to have for dinner (or lunch, depending on the hour) to make them hungry. He paints glowingly the attractions at nearby Broadway houses, including his own short, *The House I Live In* (which I will come to presently). But his admirers only laugh and applaud him the more as a wonderful fellow. They dance in the aisles, ushers permitting, anticipate his jokes, scream for their favorite numbers, climb the stage with messages, and express, in the cruel way of kids, their impatience with all other performers. Since they won't leave the theater, the management provides a movie to quiet them down between stage shows. Such a film is *Hold That Blonde* with Eddie Bracken and Veronica Lake. With some better satirical writing, instead of the stale slapstick that moves the characters along, it might have been a smart take-off on films dealing with jewel thieves, insurance dicks and the like. As it stands, it is a setup for the teen-age audience which repeats all the hoary vaudeville gags in unison with the actors, and treats the film with the gleeful irreverence it deserves.

DESPITE the presence of a full-length film bursting with technicolor opulence, Frank Sinatra is likewise the main attraction at the Palace in an RKO short, *The House I Live In*. Inspired by the Lewis Allan-Earl Robinson song, and carefully written by Albert Maltz, this ten-minute work is the most

forthright attack the movies have made on discrimination.

The Warner short, *It Happened in Springfield*, got in some lusty blows in defense of minorities, but the Sinatra film is more specific in its arguments. Coming as it does on the heels of his Gary speech on the high school strike, the short gains mightily in its plea for racial tolerance. Sinatra winds up his talk with a moving rendition of *The House I Live In*. Unfortunately, the verse he chose, or was given to do, was the weakest among the song's many choruses.

The aforementioned feature film is the *Spanish Main*, in which Paul Henreid swaggers about as a sea-going Robin Hood, and Maureen O'Hara shakes her romantic tresses at the appropriate moments. All the ingredients of the hero-villain nursery classic are present in generous doses—the black-hearted tyrant, the staunch hero, the strong dumb-brute follower, the jealous wench, the prison escape, the flashing swordplay, the cheated gallows, and so on into the night.

On Broadway

IT is curious how often playwrights, producers and directors succumb to the false notion that a good idea must be cheapened to have it succeed on Broadway. Robert Turney's *The Secret Room* is a perfect example.

Leda Ferroni, an Italian woman who has been forced into a Nazi brothel, comes to live with an American psychiatrist's family to be cured of her obsession, distrust of men, and her hopelessness about life. She gradually appropriates the affections of the psychiatrist's two children, alienating them from their mother, until the inevitable time when the parents call a halt and separate her from her stolen family, precipitating her into complete insanity.

Instead of following the logic of his story, Turney puts in secret panels, one accomplished murder and several attempts at a second, making it so silly that the credibility of the situation is lost and the play goes down the drain

A pity too, because Eleonora Mendelssohn of the European stage gave evidence of being an adult performer with a lovely voice, impressive carriage, and the kind of authority so few of our actresses manage to summon. Moss Hart directed with self-conscious artiness and, if rumor is correct, scribbled some of the scenes. Mr. Turney, let us hope, has learned his lesson. At the risk of boring you with repetition, the play showed all the symptoms of that most common Broadway disease—a fear of facing the psychological issues honestly.

AN OFSHOOT of this fear is confusion as to just what the issues are, and it is this sort of confusion that has tripped Robert Sherwood's new play, *The Rugged Path*. The first half, though hardly exciting theater, is a lucid portrayal of the conflict between a newspaper editor (Spencer Tracy) and his publisher over the line they must take in regard to Russia's entry into the war. The publisher, with the backing of local business interests, is for letting Russians and Nazis annihilate each other, while Tracy demands we send aid to Russia as self-protection. The issue is still unjoined when America enters the war and Tracy enlists in the Navy as a cook on a destroyer.

The second half tackles the moral equivalents of this conflict but not the conflict itself. Tracy-at-home got fed up with the cynicism of his confreres and their selfish, babbity materialism; at war he discovers nobility in his comrades, both on the destroyer and among the Philippine guerrillas. The play ends indecisively, with Tracy's widow and publisher accepting a medal from the President and avowing that they will always remember him; the moral being, I suppose, that his self-sacrifice has ennobled them a little, which is doubtful indeed.

There are some scenes of pointed sarcasm directed at American isolation, but there are many more that fall into flat preachment and inaction. As always, Sherwood has attempted to deal with an important theme; but, as he is often prone to do, he attempts to keep it always palatable and in this case forgets his real conflict altogether. The sum total is a wandering, episodic play with several aptly written scenes. Tracy is good in the professionally tired manner that has endeared him to millions, and Lawrence Fletcher representing the incipient fascism of the business department is excellent. The others in the big cast are competent, but Garson Kanin's direction is wooden and without flow, hesitant and unoriginal. Jo Mielziner's

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quickly-shifted sets were representational and quite without depth, although their colors were in the best taste.

MATT WAYNE.

At the Ballet

A BREATH of fresh air, or rather a healthy breeze, has swept through the centuries-old chambers of the ballet world, and it is not surprising that it has been generated by a young batch of talent, Americans all. Todd Bolendar of the Monte Carlo Ballet, and Ballet Theater's Michael Kidd, John Taras and Jerome (*Fancy Free*) Robbins have brought an authentic modern American spirit to the honorable museum of ballet repertoire, and with typical native gusto have not hesitated to clear out of their paths the stumbling blocks of traditional and conservative ballet thinking.

The modernity of their works rests not in theme, in any special brand of flag-waving nor even in any form of radical breakaway from classical technics. Their works are modern and American because American concepts of tempo and humor, of uninhibited rhythms and color, pervade the patterns of movement they create, and each work sparkles, in its own way, with the authentic gleam of our unique national brand of youth, sprightliness and wit.

Todd Bolendar, in *Comedia Balletica*, (music: Stravinsky arrangement of Pergolesi) gave his audience a smart and inventive bit of fluff—outstanding less for its originality than for its clever way of using its human exponents. There was gaiety and punch in his series of humorous dance episodes.

Graziana by John Taras (set to a violin concerto by Mozart), like Bolendar's opus, was indebted to Balanchine for its handling of pattern and performer, but it, too, had a unique sparkle and fizz. Costumes were classic (tutus and tights) but rhythmic coloration was sharper, tone more contemporary, and line of movement less introverted than Balanchine's.

In both *Comedia Balletica* and *Graziana*, these young choreographers, while paying homage to Balanchine's influence, actually separated themselves from the overtones of introversion and/or surrealism which so often mars Balanchine, and made the traditional forms quick with a new spirit—contemporary and out-in-the-open.

The libretto aptly describes Jerome Robbins' *Interplay* as a "short ballet . . . in which there is a constant play between the classic ballet steps and the contemporary spirit in which they are danced."

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That is the story, only what a pleasure it is to see it done! Jerry Robbins has the edge on his fellows. His irreverence is more audacious; his style freer and more expert. Here is really a first-rate talent who seizes our indigenous American rhythms, catches their unique and colloquial flavor, and then knows just how to crystallize them into a lively and exciting theatrical experience.

It is unfortunate that this reviewer saw *On Stage* when Michael Kidd, its choreographer and key performer, was incapacitated. Nevertheless, despite its handicapped presentation, the work, dealing with the back-stage auditions of an arrogant and of a timid Cinderella ballerina (whose Good Fairy appears in the form of the handyman with a magic broom), has originality and humor. Again, it is today's American ballerina, and not her Imperial Russian archetype, who tries out for the role. The backstage joshing is of the 44th Street variety, and not the Royal Marinsky; you are pretty sure that the hero will take his girl to Walgreen's for a coke after the performance. In short, the "story," the humor, the tempo, the invention, the concept—all spring out of here and today. A keen eye saw, and a talented mind shaped a bright and enjoyable piece of contemporary art via the ballet.

WHILE all this might seem the happy accident of a fall ballet season, nevertheless it seems interesting to highlight what is happening to two ballet companies in America—the Ballet Theater more so than the Monte Carlo. By giving young Americans an opportunity to create in terms of their own experience and their own backgrounds, the ballet field itself is moving into new arenas of expression.

These choreographers have come out of a native American milieu. No form of Diaghilev nostalgia or Parisian memories intrudes on their inspiration. Our theater of Broadway, our Hollywood films, our own streets, our own tastes, our own kinds of people, are part of, and have always been part of, their daily lives. Modern America is the only world they know. They are young—all artists in their twenties. And whether they consciously strive to or not, they are producing American ballet. Today, therefore, whether we see their works as part of a Broadway musical, or on the staid boards of the Metropolitan Opera House, it ought to be appreciated for what it is, modern American ballet, and greeted happily as a long awaited phenomenon in the art world.

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

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